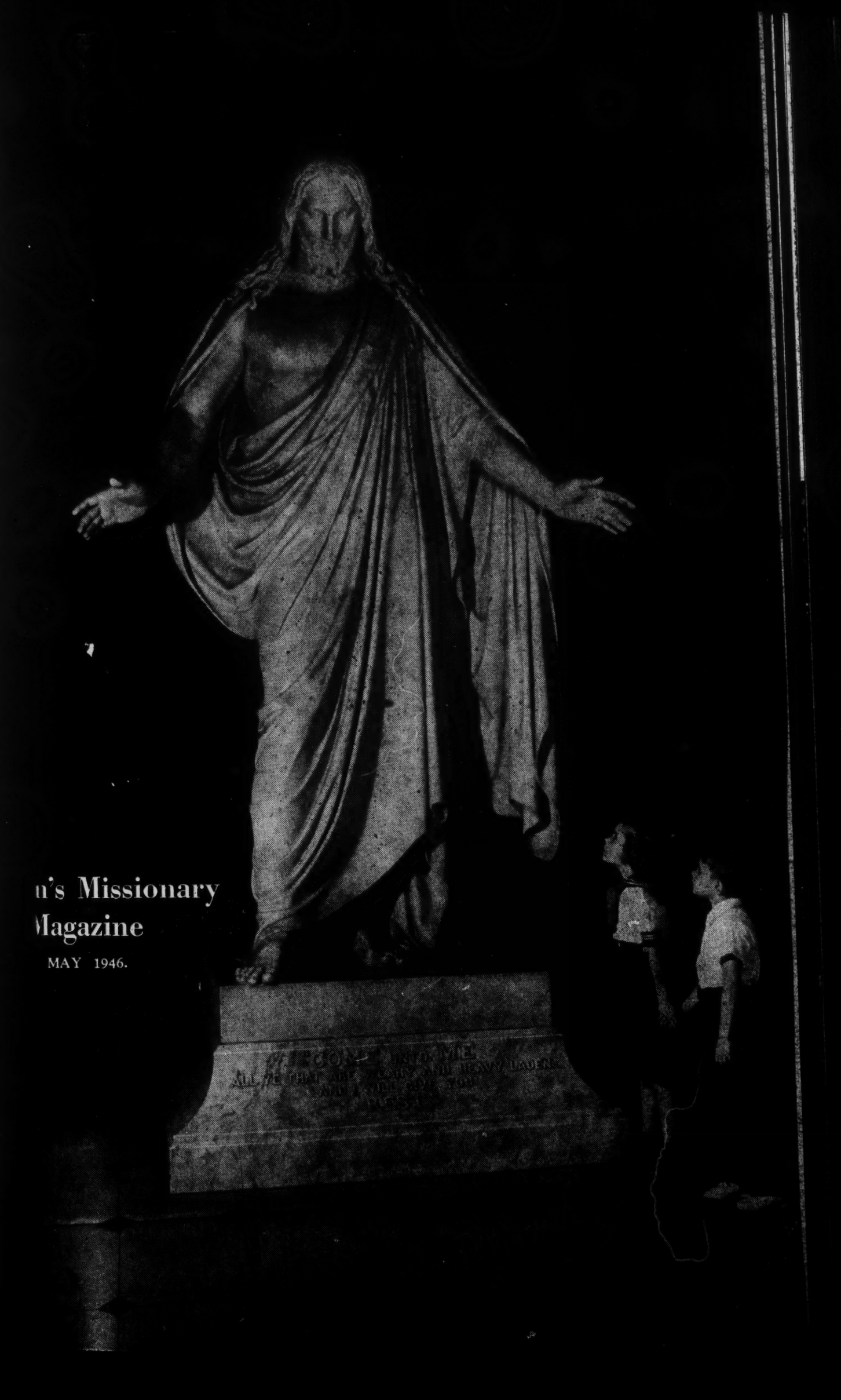

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GIFTS FOR CHRIST

Always when I think of children
Over all the earth today—
Ragged, hungry, helpless children—
Always I can hear Christ say:

"Inasmuch as you have given
Unto one of these who need,
You have shared with Me your bounty,
You have worshiped Me indeed."

So I pray that I may ever
Serve and worship Christ the Lord
Through my gifts to needy children
Through my love for them outpoured.

—Elsie Wehling Fulton.

by the vote of any "Mission Board of the Church", but by the very nature of the child's relationship to his or her father and mother! It is a missionary field which has no "furloughs, no vacations, no relaxations, it is a seven-day, an every-waking hour, all-through-the year responsibility; no Sabbath-afternoon self extenuations "because dad is home over week-end, you know", no excusing William and Mary because "we are the only children on our street who are made to stay in-doors upon a nice Sabbath day just for a Bible lesson"! It is a missionary field which rewards one's labors and one's prayers and abundantly returns to every faithful teacher of religion such satisfactions as are not to be obtained elsewhere; "The children of instructing mothers rise up to call them blessed", the spiritual children of childless mothers speak gratefully of their Sabbath-School teachers who have led them to the Saviour. The pillars of the Church and of the State are young folks of yesterday who had Christian training in their homes and churches. It is a missionary field, too, to which our Lord gave both example and command—Even His disciples would have hindered the coming of the little children, but He rebuked His overly-proper disciples, saying, "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me". He also had harsh words for those whose personal lives were a "stumbling block" to children, saying of them, "It would have been better were a mill-stone hanged about their necks and they were cast into the sea".

"The old order changeth",
And that is good and right.
And yet, somehow, things never seem
So magical at night
As when lamplighters used to come
With sticks to light the light!
I still can see the bent old man,
Who, like a fairy story,
Could touch the lamp before our house
And give it suden glory!"

"The old order changeth". . .or does it. . .Lamplighters still roam across the years. . .only you and I. . .we call them "poets"—"mothers", fathers", perhaps—and "S. S. teachers".

Others than the Christians and the Church have found America's children a fruitful field for missionary efforts. The movies expend large sums to win their patronage. The liquor interests appeal to youth in expensively beautiful and psychologically persuasive advertisements, always distorting the truth and damaging facts. "Youths too young to vote accounted for 21.4 per cent of the arrests last year", so J. Edgar Hoover, the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has recently pointed out. He also adds: "I sincerely believe that if America is to remain devoted to the fundamentals of Christian living, more adults must assume their responsibility in bringing our young people closer to the Church". John Foster Dulles raises a persuasive voice for world peace. "Future security depends basically upon world-wide fellowship, of the kind that Christ sought. If individual young people, in their daily life and daily contacts, will develop the spirit of fellowship, they will be making an indispensable contribution to man's salvation—both spiritual and physical."

"Sin works; let me work, too!
Sin undoes; let me do!
Busy as sin, my work I ply
Till I rest in the rest of eternity".

The monthly magazines of the war period carried a suggestive advertisement—the picture of a bright-eyed boy—beside him this promise: "Westinghouse promises him good and useful things—electrically which will come out of this war's experiences. We hope he will take part in their creation and join us in our common desire to *DO* things better—to *MAKE* things better, for a better and finer world". To His Church, Christ Jesus may be re-saying His application of one of His own parables—"Go and do thou likewise"!

"Except . . . ." Or Adult Delinquency

By MRS. PAUL M. HAAS

OUT of deep anguish of spirit a bewildered world is crying, "God give us men!" All too frequently leaders stand as intellectual pygmies over against the gigantic tasks they should perform, the world-shaking problems they should solve.

But God does not give us full-grown men. By His divine plan we are entrusted with the most helpless and malleable of little creatures to be trained by adults for His Kingdom's service. First the parents, then the teachers hold the future of each generation in their control. It is their task to pass on from generation to generation the Light that shone in far Galilee twenty centuries ago—the Light of the World which can save that world which "is lost in the darkness of sin."

One of the most awe-inspiring services I ever experienced was the baptism of an infant by the late Dr. Henry Howard. With profound dignity that giant of a man took the wee boy into his arms, then, with tremendous solemnity pronounced those covenant vows of baptism.

"I do now take God as my God in covenant, and as the God of my child.

"I do now renew the profession I made when I was admitted to the church.

"I do now solemnly promise, if God shall spare my life and that of my child, to train him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; to instruct him in regard to his lost condition by nature, and to lead him to the Saviour; to pray with and for him; to worship God regularly in my family; to set before him an example of piety; and to use all the appointed means for his salvation."

The years of that boy's life rolled away as a carpet as one could vizualize his growth into manhood. Then, returning the tiny mite to his father's arms, the pastor gravely admonished: "Take this man-child and train him for the Lord". Would he, as the child Jesus, increase in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man?

There were no smiles in the congregation for the cunningness of the baby—no "isn't he cute". It was far too sublime for that. The affection of all penetrated deeper. It followed the spirit of that child, raised by the reverence and dignity of the service. One was acutely conscious of the worth of a human soul, the tremendous responsibility for its training, and the immense possibility for good or evil in that little bundle.

With holy and rapt faces the parents turned from the altar with their "man of tomorrow". His future lay in their hands. With no reference to the baptism service, Dr. Howard read for his text "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Then we, as members of the Church of the Living God were so measured over against our duties and obligations in the training of his little ones that we echoed that cry of Judah's "For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me?"

These baptism vows answer all juvenile and adult delinquency problems. Juvenile delinquency is in truth adult delinquency—of the adult who did not use "all the appointed means for the child's salvation."

Jesus' admonition begins with the individual. "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." The parent, the teacher, must himself be converted before he can point the way to Jesus for that child whom he would lead. The trust and humility of the little child will permit the adult to share the perfect faith of the Psalmist: "He leadeth me." Then with simple trust he will

guide the child along the path of righteousness. But how this age of sophistry is blurring our vision, drawing us away from the "simplicity that is in Christ."

The English statesman, William Gladstone opined, "There is but one question; settle that and you settle all others. That question is Christianity and it must be settled at home. The homes of the people are the soul of the nation." We cannot single-handed, reform the world, but we can say with Joshua, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." In our lawless age we can establish righteousness and obedience to God within our own gates, first considering our own selves, that we are diligent in daily life to set an example of piety. "This helped me much," said Santa Teresa "that I never saw my father or mother regard anything but goodness." In the sanctity of the home the infant mind receive these primary pictures of God and Christ, of truth and honor, of character and conduct. As Hannah early brought her son to the Lord, so the child today can speak with God at the mother's knee. From the Holy Scriptures he hears and learns the words of a Living God, which lodged securely in the child mind will bear fruit unto everlasting life.

Unless a child be taught the sinfulness of sin in his father's home and church, infinistesimal is the chance he will learn its awful consequences except in the most tragic sense. With Satan's smooth suavity the vilest evil insinuates itself in the garb of respectability, adopting the educator Freud's vicious phrase, "Whatever is natural is right." "Tolerance is a catchword enmeshing old and young: the tolerance of sin, the intolerance of moral restraint and divine certainties. Drinking is tolerated because such moral persons sip cocktails; profanity is condoned because it has slipped into society; obscene literature is smart because it is so modern. The perversion of the Sabbath Day is hastened by professing Christians who take it for pleasure, for sport, for merchandising, rather than devotion. With this frightful paganism on every side where can the child be established in the convictions of truth and holiness?

Education availeth little. School attendance has multiplied ninety-fold: the criminal age has dropped from twenty-seven to seventeen years. Colleges cannot accept the multitudes who would enroll: prisons cannot house the convicts. The learning of man without the wisdom of God produces that sophistry of the fool who has said in his heart "There is no God". Contrast the noble ideology of the old McGuffey Readers which simultaneously taught reading and Godly instruction, with a modern set of readers so interspersed with profanity a Christian would be revolted. Yet how such familiarity with evil dulls the sense of its sinfulness for the child.

Continually there is raised the excuse "The children can't be expected to stand alone when 'everybody else is doing it' ". Only lately Dr. Murray of Boston retorted "Can't they? The Jehovah Witness children stand alone. Enduring the ostracism of fellow-children and the ill favor of teachers, in a schoolyard they refuse to salute the flag of the United States." Why? They have been taught thoroughly through mind and heart what their parents believe with all their souls to be true. That is our only hope—that Christian parents will write God's law in the fleshly tablets of the child's mind and heart.

Never were the lines of Alexander Pope more timely.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Let us look to ourselves, lest we also be tempted.

"Inasmuch . . ." Or Christian Challenge

By MRS. A. J. RANDLES

"WHOSO shall receive one such little child in My Name receiveth Me". Whoso receives one of these little ones receives one of God's Little Images" as Miss Mary Jane Campbell so beautifully writes it. The richest gift that can come to any home.

In these latter years I have come to believe one must have become a grandmother to appreciate fully the tremendous, the awful responsibility in receiving one such little child to take and nurse for Him.

Of course in the midst of her joy over the coming of the little one the young mother is quite aware of the solemn obligation resting upon her. She has taken the baptismal vows sincerely and is observing them conscientiously, but of necessity she is very busy with the here and now. Daily duties press hard upon each other in ceaseless procession. She has no time, as Grandmother, to ponder the *tremendous*, the *awful*. For her the physical, moral, and spiritual are interwoven as one piece blanketing the entire waking day.

Then there come those unforeseen, exasperating interruptions. For example, picture the mother busy in another part of the house, yet within hearing of the children happily at play, and returning presently to find livingroom rug, davenport, chairs—everything—literally snowy white with the entire contents of a can of Bon Ami powder!

Or the mother who has left a tidy kitchen only to come back later to find the floor covered with large squares of paper firmly pasted down with flour paste and a generous serving of the dinner jello dessert on top of each!

At such times words are inadequate to express the inward emotions. At this even Grandmother must rise from her lofty ponderings. If the mother has had ideas of "precious little images" and the glory of motherhood, they are all but obliterated. It is only at night when she sees them, sweet and clean, lying fast asleep in that adorable relaxation of babyhood, that the certainty of preciousness and the glory of parenthood returns. True perspective is regained, and there is strength and buoyancy and purpose for the coming day.

Only a few short months ago we helped to lay away the form of a dear little girl of barely six summers. She had been taught to know Jesus as her Friend in Heaven where "Nanna" (grandma) had gone to be with Him. Even before her own years of memory she had been taken regularly to the church which she had come to know as "God's House". She was one of a trio of little friends who had declared they were going to be foreign missionary nurses when they grew up; only the fields were undetermined.

One Sabbath morning the father announced that it would be impossible for them to go to Sabbath School and church that day; whereupon this little girl said, "But Daddy! God's expecting me!" With that, it became possible and they were at church.

No more need be said of the Christian training in that home. These parents had received this little one from Him as a sacred trust. They had nursed her for Him. Then, with very little warning, she was gone. He had called her. Yet, in their very natural, almost overwhelming grief at being asked to give back their first born, their only daughter, with wonderful faith and trust they were able to say, "He knows best"; and in this they were comforted.

Inasmuch as ye have done all this for her, ye have done it all for Me.

Could parents receive higher "wage?"

Sad to say, countless children are not born in homes like that. It is one of the tragedies of our land.

Many a church stands in the midst of a comunity of homes that may be classed as neither Christian, Mohammedan, nor Jew; not even as heathen or pagan; for these last usually have a god or gods in more or less tangible form. Religiously they must be classed as godless; yet let me hasten to add they would be called respectable homes where civil law is honorably observed. Parents of these homes are willing that their children shall come to the Bible school of the church; will allow them to be brought in some consecrated car, or may even bring them to the door and return for them at the stated time, but they themselves have business or pleasure elsewhere.

A teacher of a certain class of junior girls, after a check had been made in the Department, found that two girls only have parents who are members of the local church. All others claimed no church, or perhaps a casual relationship elsewhere. The biblical I. Q. of such a class is desparingly low. Names of outstanding Bible characters are as meaningless to them as are the names of King Farouk or Mahatma Gandhi.

To all churches in such situations the Head of the Church flings out a mighty challenge. As we hear it, He says: "I will build My Church, and nothing shall prevail against it. Kingdoms may wax and wane; nations may rise and fall; communities may prosper and decline; church leaders may live, work, and die; years may pass; yet, I build My Church. I build on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, of which I am the chief corner stone, of living stones, and of such are you.

"Inasmuch as you now are thus situated, I would build through you. All around you are stones unclaimed, disregarded. Consider them all, both large and small; but particularly consider the small, very precious stones not yet seriously marred by the erosion of worldly elements. Gather them in; guide them; nourish them; shape them; that they, fitly framed together, may grow into a Holy Temple in the Lord. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these —*one of these least*—ye have done it unto Me'. This is your task."

What a challenge to any church! What a responsibility! What a glorious opportunity!

World Children

Children of Germany During the First Months Of American Occupation

By JANE ELLEN BALL

"Good morning, Lady!" greeted little Hans in his labored, newly-acquired English phrase.

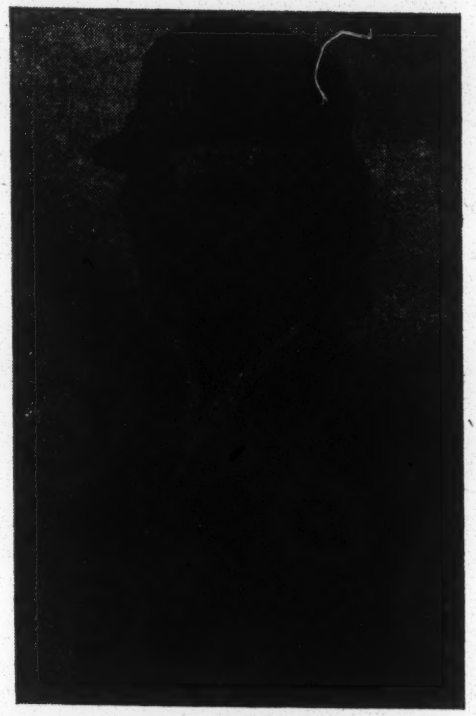
"Good morning to you, Hans!" I answered in a much surprised tone, and looked down into the eyes of the chubby little fellow. Hans was one of the many smaller children who would congregate around the entrance of our billet. I knew that this English greeting had been carefully rehearsed by Bill, the G.I. guard, and that it had to be rewarded. So I fished a piece of gum from my uniform purse and handed it to Hans, who reached for it with "grubby" paws; and, with an English "Thank you" instead of a German "Donka," he ran toward his house calling, "Mudder, Mudder!"

I turned to Bill who was already standing guard and said, "Congratulations! That certainly was an accomplishment. I see you have been mighty busy during these past two weeks."

"I sure have," answered Bill, "but see, Miss Ball. I had to do something. These kids are no different from the ones back home. I couldn't stand here day after day and hour after hour without talking to these kids. And when they found out that I wouldn't hurt them with this gun they became quite friendly. I figured this way. If I could show them some kindliness, it might do some good, in a minor sort of way. Little Hans will be your friend forever now, for that piece of gum."

"At least he won't run from me the next time he sees me as he has been doing for the past two months."

"No, but he'll just bring all his brothers and sisters the next time. Just wait and see. Are you going to be here for awhile, or are you off again?"



Jane Ellen Ball

"I'm here for a while so I guess I'll meet all of Hans' family."

"Where have you been this time?"

"I just got back from Saltzburg. It's pretty grim down there. Outside the city there is a huge D.P. camp with 25,000 people. But the most pathetic condition is the children. There are hundreds of them who haven't the slightest knowledge of where they came from or who their parents are. It is all very depressing. I have seen some horrible things these past two weeks, at Dakau, and through Czecho-Slovokia. And every time I befriend one of these little children, there is always a ghost stalks between us—the ghost of their fathers, the men who have committeed such persecutions and have caused so much suffering."

"Surely, Miss Ball, you cannot hold these innocent children responsible!"

Ruins of a Church in Germany

"Of course not! And you are absolutely right, Bill, to show them the kindliness that is so much a part of our way of life."

That little episode took place early in June and as the summer months went by, I was able to make many observations during my travels.

The children of Germany, I observed, had little time to play during the spring and summer months following American occupation. The little ones who lived in the destroyed cities of Berlin, Frankfurt, Nurenburg, Stuttgart, Mannheim, and Munich had a very grim existence. They would rise very early in the morning, take their little red wagons or the baby-carriages, and trudge out to the edge of the city to gather the fire-wood that had been placed there by the Military Government Officials. Back and forth, back and forth they would go until sundown. When the hauling was over, they would then spend hours piling the wood in neat piles in front of their once front door step. Those that were too little to push wagons or carts would stand in the long lines that formed outside the American Forces' mess halls to patiently wait for the left-overs, grateful for just one crust of bread. Later in the summer, when food distribution was placed again in the hands of civilians and shops were again open, these same children were seen standing in line, many times turned away because the food had run out. No longer could these once happy little children who were used to going on long hikes during the summer months or spending the hot weeks of July in camp enjoy such luxuries. They were now too busy helping their mothers, finding food, and preparing for the long winter ahead. A pathetic sight to see was children digging around in the rubble of their bombed homes searching for lost toys or traces of loved ones. Little boys of ten or over were used in forming bucket brigades and were used to pile up the bricks into neat piles along the sidewalks of the residential sections of these once beautiful cities of Germany.

In the rural communities of Bavaria, children there worked long hours in the fields harvesting the grain that had been grown and storing it up for the winter. The children with their mothers and grandfathers would leave their homes in a group, some would ride the long low ox-wagon and some would walk out to the fields, singing as they went. There they would stay all day. At sunset they would again gather in groups and start on the homeward journey, singing the even-song. These people were not exactly happy. When they would see an American traveler in a jeep or a high-powered car, they would just stare and say, "Why are you here?" They could not understand why they had to work this summer, because in years gone by they would join the traveling groups of youths that visited cities

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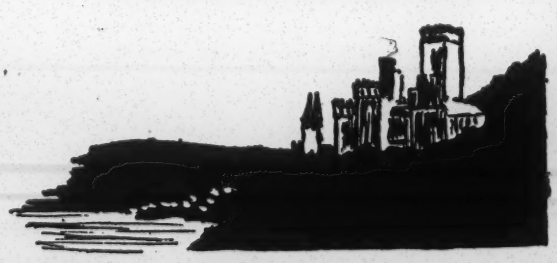

Vignettes of Children in France

By MARGUERITE MAINSSONNAT OWENS

Sunset on the Champs Elysees. Nurses and their precious babies wrapped in lace and silk have spent the afternoon along flower-beds. The pigeons coo, the sparrows have been fed from the hands of the four year old children, too well dressed to play in the sand. It is time for Francois, Genevieve and Marcellin to return to their palatial residences and go to sleep, dreaming of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

Madame Marguerite Mainssonnat Owens

Four o'clock p.m. Camille wants to take the elevator to the roof-garden of the Galeries Lafayette. Vedrines the early ace landed on that building in his small plane. Now children and young people go up there and sit under large, bright colored umbrellas and sip their frosted chocolate. Mama takes a grenadine. It is the rendez-vous of the "gens chics."

Stroll some day through the Luxembourg. Stop at the "Guignol". Stand along the rope that fences in the seats, facing the tots. Our young friends will be for the mirror of what happens on the stage: expressions of indifference, joy, sadness, anguish, anger, excitement will be pictured on their faces and translated in the movements of their eyes, shoulders, arms, legs; the whole human comedy in its embryo. "Punch and Judy" and response.

The goats and the donkeys of the Luxembourg garden are still popular. The little children love to ride in the goat carts; Antoine especially, when he is the driver. Anne and Clotilde feel like two queens riding through the Medicis garden back of two long ears.

The tennis courts are crowded, the college boys are their usual occupants, the smaller children look on.

Pierrette is a girl-scout. She is proud of her swimming achievement: four hundred yards without stopping. She rows also but her dream is Camping; she has even asked her American uncle for a sleeping bag. She writes English well.

Etienne, Liliane and their friends take to the highways on their bicycles. With knapsacks and blanket-rolls on their backs, they are heading for the students' camps. They are happy and gay.

Summer. The harvest is nearly done. The children are on their way to gather the heads of grain scattered in the fields. Joyful, singing they will be back to their humble homes at sunset carrying their gleanings.

Dominique, the farmer's boy, is only four, but proud he is when riding the Percheron with his father on the way to the field.

The distribution of prizes is a great occasion in the life of a schoolchild. The local garrison band lends its color to the celebration. The Mayor presides. All the children wear their Sunday clothes and each girl's hair-do is the result of special

(Continued on Page 524)

The Need in Holland

Miss Ruth Weller of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, while serving as an administrative secretary with the Hospital Department of the American Red Cross in France and Germany, met a young woman from Holland who had escaped from her Nazi - held land. She had ridden a bicycle which had not been taken by the Germans because it had no tires. From this young woman, Miss Weller learned of a Holland mother who rode a similar bicycle for twenty miles each day to secure potato peelings for soup and to get a cup of milk for her baby!

"The war has put a new social obligation upon the Church. Christians in America cannot 'pass by on the other side' knowing that due to the war there are thousands of personal tragedies. Innocent victims have seen their homes destroyed and loved ones killed; refugees have fled leaving behind all their earthly possessions to take refuge in over-crowded centers with hunger and disease shadowing them day and night. The work of reconstruction in Europe is an overwhelming task. Thousands of church buildings have been demolished, water dams have been destroyed resulting in a reduced water supply, and the transportation systems are inadequate for the distribution of even scanty food rations."

This quotation is taken from the latest report of work done by the Reformed Church in America, a denomination organized by the early Dutch settlers in 1628. Today this Church has not forgotten the land of its forbears; but is showing in many ways its gratitude for its heritage. A large sum of money is being raised for war relief and reconstruction.

At the last Christmas season an impressive candlelight service was conducted by Dr. Joseph Sizoo at their Marble Collegiate Church in New York City. At this service worshipers with beautifully wrapped boxes of gifts for the children of Holland followed the heralds up the aisles of the Church to an especially prepared table. It was an inspiring sight to see the table piled high with gifts for little Dutch children.

VIGNETTES OF CHILDREN IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 523)

care. Marie, Emile, Josephine, Raoul, . . . walk proudly before Monsieur le Maire who puts on each head a green or a golden crown. The teachers announce the prize-winners' names to the crowd and give to each the nucleus of a future personal library, a red book beautifully bound.

Christmas 1943. Dlump. Dlump. Nazi boots. Behind shutters Madame Durand, Madeleine, Henri face their soup, and pray for papa, forced laborer, far away. No Santa Claus for years now . . .;but they will put their shoes by the fireplace, thinking of toys and sweets. "God's will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven," together they will say.

Two Little English Boys In an American Home

By MRS. JOHN A. CRAWFORD

Peter and David, on arrival

This true story is about two boys, aged six and four, Peter and David Salkilld of London, who came to America and lived for nearly five years in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Peter and David are brothers, and their parents asked that they not be separated. So a young couple in Pittsburgh, Uncle Charles and Aunt Kitty, were glad to care for them.

When they were about to go into a New York hotel, the boys said, "Will this place be bombed tonight?" and seemed much relieved when Aunt Kitty assured them to the contrary. Then when they were in bed little David said, "I must have my hand held," so pathetically that it was hard for Aunt Kitty to keep back the tears as she took the little hand in hers. Even after going to their new home the same question was asked and David had to have his hand held.

As they drove back to Pittsburgh the next day every plane in the sky brought the query, "Is that a German plane?" and the boys were much relieved to learn that all the planes here were mail or passenger planes —not German.

Everything was so strange to them. Uncle Charles took them for a drive downtown; and on their return they quite excitedly said, "O Aunt Kitty, we saw a tram hit an auto, and the crack-up lorry had to drag it away!" Even the food was strange to them. They didn't particularly care for our Thanksgiving bird, the turkey, but they did like chicken. Peas and corn and lima beans were not known to them. They liked to have an apple for dessert rather than our favorite ice cream. But how well-behaved they were at table, and so careful not to soil the tablecloth!

Our trucks were lorries to them, gasoline was petrol, street cars were trams, and buses they knew as coaches. In a short time Peter started to school but he wasn't very well pleased when they sang "America" and didn't mention the King! So Aunt Kitty explained about the tune, and then taught them "There will always be an England", and that helped. When they came they were typical English boys, but before they returned they had absorbed many American ways. They said "Mommy will not know what we mean when we talk American."

Today, in Kentish Town, the two children, now nine and eleven, are renewing their acquaintance with London friends. Though out of sight they are not out of mind of the many friends they made while staying with their adopted Aunt and Uncle.

—Reprint from the Junior Missionary Magazine

Peter and David saying "Home again"

Children of Sunny Italy

By CAPTAIN JAMES SHEAR

The children of Italy are learning to play again. Five years of war had left Italy with a generation of children who have all but forgotten how to play. For these years the chief concern of all Italians, children and grown-ups alike, has been just to keep alive. There has been no time or inclination to behave as normal "kids" do.

We entered Italy three weeks after the initial invasion and the people were still afraid of the "Americanos". They stood in lines on each side of the roads over which we passed and stared at us, trying to size us up. The last soldiers who had passed that way had not been very gentle with them. We looked about the same as they, blonde and fair-haired and steel-helmeted. But it didn't take long to get acquainted, and very shortly the shyness wore off. After that we were greeted in every village with cries of "caramella" and "biscote". These children were hungry. Fear and hunger had been their daily ration for years. In the towns that had been most heavily bombed or shelled we didn't hear "caramella", for there were more important items than candy in their thinking.

I shall never forget Messina. Messina had been bombed more than any Italian city at the time we went through, and here the people were in a sorry plight. Many had lived in caves for months and many were starving. We camped there just one night. The children of the town loitered around our "chow lines" and pushed in so close that we had to post guards to keep them out. After our meal, which by home standards was next to nothing, the Italian children took the cans from which our food had come and stood by the garbage cans to have us scrape our plates into their cans. To me this was the most pathetic sight of the war. It was not without repetition as we moved northward through the peninsula.

There is nothing peculiar about the appearance of Italian children. They are smaller than children of the same age in America, and perhaps older looking and acting. The war has been partly responsible for this. Bombs and empty stomachs hasten maturity. The southern Italians are, of course, darker than those from up north. Many from the North are actually fair skinned and light haired, and until you hear them speak you would not think of them as Italians. But of course they are very smart children for they all speak a foreign language . . . Italian.

Baseball, football and basketball are strangers in Italy. The only big game they seem to play is soccer, and at this they are really good. I noticed some small, side-walk games like hop-scotch, but never quite figured out the rules or the object of it.

American food and medical aid and time will eventually paint a brighter picture of the children of Italy, but the picture that is imprinted on the minds of thousands of American soldiers is a sad one. Surely the sins of the father are visited upon the children.

The Child of Cyprus

By MRS. ELIZABETH F. WEIR

The sunny climate of Cyprus should provide an ideal home for children; but until a couple of decades ago the infant mortality rate was at least 123 per thousand. The British government has established welfare clinics in the six large towns and is gradually reaching out to the country districts with its model home and baby clinic work. The number of blind babies has very radically decreased as better midwifery courses are given, though the social diseases still account for a large number of blind people. A school has been established for blind boys where they are taught reading, music, and trades.

In many towns and villages the children grow up bi-lingual, for though 80 per cent of the people are Greeks, a large part of the other 20 per cent are Turkish and they mingle and learn from each other.

Ignorance of child care seems to be general, though more superstition is practised among Turkish parents than among the Greeks. All babies of whatever nationality except English wear charms and evil eyes. Greek mothers will admit that they believe in God and His power but this is something different and they don't dare to run the risk of letting their babies go without the evil eye suspended from bonnet or dress any more than a "Christian" chauffeur would dare to let his car go without the evil eye on its steering wheel.

Our girl students wanted to do some welfare work in the village to which we were evacuated during the war, so they undertook to buy milk for a limited number of babies. Though the village was full of goats and sheep, it was very hard to get the milk, as it was all saved to make cheese. When it was finally secured, the mothers soon began to complain. Couldn't we get rice for them instead? The rice water was so much better for the babies. We discovered that practically all the children whose mothers had not nursed them had spent the first eight months of their lives on a porridge made of powdered rice, sugar and water. The government allowed us two precious bags for the babies. But the village doctors were allowed to give prescriptions for rice to those suffering from stomach disorders and very soon all the rice was gone and the babies were without food again.

Home training is usually very lax. Naughtiness is identified with cleverness, and all signs of naughtiness, especially among sons, are encouraged. An only son in a family of girls has scarcely any chance to grow up observing the virtues of unselfishness or self-control. Children are taught at home to lie. Parents promise rewards to get obedience and children soon discover the ruse and practise it. They lie to cover up misdemeanors and are able to tell falsehoods without any guilty look in their eyes. This practice perhaps more than anything else works against good relationships in business, home, community life. Christ and His way of life have never been real to them. Let us pray that they may be taught and let us help in the realization of those prayers.

Making Chinese Children Happy

By MISS FLORENCE GORDON

There is a little magazine in China which has only one purpose in life—to make Chinese children happy. Its name fits it well—"Happy Childhood." "Happy Childhood used to be published on the coast, in Shanghai. During the war printing there became impossible. The editor, Miss Margaret Brown, a missionary of the United Church of Canada, moved to inland China and the magazine moved with her. She continued bringing the magazine out in Chengtu, a great center for refugee people and institutions, and the children of West China came to love it as the children in the North and East had learned to do.

When the war ended Miss Brown went back to Shanghai by airplane and "Happy Childhood" went back again with her. And now it is published in both West China and Shanghai, so lucky little Chinese children have just twice as many chances to receive it.

How does the magazine get to them? Well, in all Szechwan Province, in which Chengtu is located, although it is as large as the state if Texas, there is not a single foot of railroad. So the bags of magazines have to be carried on the backs of men called coolies or they are taken to branch post-offices on a little sampan or river boat. The sampan is moved slowly along the stream by four men who chant a song as they paddle; it sounds much like the song of "the Volga Boatmen." If there is a wind, up goes a little sail and then the sampan just swoops along. The men and sometimes their families live aboard, cooking their rice on a small charcoal stove and sleeping at one end of the boat where a piece of matting forms a sort of roof. Their mailbags, too, are protected by this matting cover. The boats stop at landing places along the river and men may carry the magazines twenty miles further on their backs before they reach the children who are to enjoy them.

For longer hauls the mailbags are put on mail motor trucks, which use alcohol instead of gasoline, or sometimes charcoal, which is very smoky.

In North and in East China delivering the magazine used to be easier, for there were railroads, but now they are still in bad condition from the war, with breaks in the railway here and there. The only way to get the mail through is in relay fashion—first a stretch by railroad, then on the backs of coolies over a broken portion of the track, until they can again put it aboard a section of the railroad that is in operation.

Of course these are slow ways of delivering the magazine. You are lucky if you get your February issue in March! But, no matter how late it is, "Happy Childhood" always gets a big welcome when it comes. Big Sister gathers all the smaller children around her and reads aloud to them. They try to work the puzzles; they play the new games. And so, war or no war, "Happy Childhood" really lives up to its name and makes Chinese children happy.

Palm Sunday in Vellore

By THE REVEREND C. R. WIERANGA

A Nurse caring for "One of these little ones"

"Hosannah! Hosannah to the Son of David!" sang the Jewish children of Jerusalem in the temple, that first Palm Sunday in the long ago. And, "Hosannah! Hosannah to the Son of David!" sang the Christian children of Vellore Palm Sunday morning in the year of our Lord, 1945, as they marched round and round the church, palm branches swaying in their little hands as they sang.

Inside, the church was filled with grown-ups; early-comers in the choicest seats and late-comers crowding into the sanctuary to fill still fuller every inch of space till every bench was occupied to the limit of capacity.

One wing of the church was occupied by a group of some 50 or 60 village women who were attending a Conference which had been arranged for them that week-end.

What a thrilling experience for them to be a part of this large gathering on this holy day!

As they listened to the chorus of the children, "Hosannah! Hosannah to the Son of David!" and followed the other parts of the service, did they not feel that they too were a part of that great throng which long ago cried, "Hosannah! Hosannah!" as our Lord came riding as a King into old Jerusalem?

And what did little Judson Piet think, I wonder, sitting up in the very front of the church, between his "Daddy" and his "Mummy"? He too had a palm branch in his little hand and he swayed it gently to and fro as he looked, wide-eyed, from side to side, listening to the children singing, "Hosannah! Hosannah to the Son of David!" in their sweet high voices, the music coming in through the open windows of the church, now on this side, now on that, now sounding near and then farther away, until the singing finally faded out into just a happy rustle as the children came trooping into the church, down the center aisle, up to the very front; but where was there room in that already filled-to-capacity auditorium for these trooping children? Nowhere but on the very pulpit platform itself,—and up they went, smiling and happy, all sweet and clean, and "of such is the kingdom of heaven".

And there they sat, covering every niche of floor space behind and between the pulpit furniture so that there was barely standing room for the pastor of the church and the special guest-preacher, both arrayed in their flowing white clerical garments.

And through it all Judson's darling baby brother lay, sweet and calm, in "Mummy's" arms until came the invitation to present children for baptism when two little Indian babies and their fair little American brother were brought forward by their parents and received by baptism into the Christian fold.

It was a beautiful service; and as we recall that Palm Sunday's services, in our hearts there echoes still the children's chorus, "Hosannah! Hosannah to the Son of David!" In later years will the grown-up Judson remember and tell the younger "David Lee" what he remembers about this very special Palm Sunday when the Christian children of Vellore sang, "Hosannah! Hosannah to the Son of David!" and "little brother" had bestowed upon him that very same name of "David", which means "Beloved"?

From Church Herald

Building the New Japan

From "THE RETURN TO JAPAN"

WONDERFUL is the only word to describe the opportunity that confronts not only the women of Japan but the women of America, as they consider the future of womanhood in Japan. Mrs. Yasuko Iwamura is head of the Kindergarten Association of Japan. There were six hundred kindergartens in Japan founded by missionaries and Japanese Christian women. Approximately a third of them were started by the latter. They touched about ten thousand mothers, but unfortunately during the bombing all the records of the Association were burned. Most of the kindergartens have been burned, since all of them were in the cities.

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The kindergartens are now starting up again, and the hope is that they will expand from the larger cities into the small towns.

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The women of the churches have been greatly interested in missionary work in China. They have established a Christian girls' school in Peking and in the same city started a social center for children, women, and working people, in connection with which there is a dispensary. There have been classes for Chinese children; a woman physician has been sent from Japan under whom two Chinese girls have been trained as nurses. The enterprise was controlled and administered by a committee of Japanese and Chinese women. It finally received 500,000 yen from the Nanking government as endowment.

Another great work built in Peking by women's enthusiasm is Mrs. Hani's Life School for poor girls. This gives them six months' training in practical arts. All of Mrs. Hani's workers in Peking have been graduates of her school, which stands just outside Tokyo. In all, the women have sent over a hundred women workers to China, five or six of them ordained.

Not much can be said as yet about the part youth is to play in the new Japan, but as one of the American officers remarked, "The kids are seething." That is what we should expect, and there are many evidences that point toward active youth participation in the making of the new nation. One of the American majors in General MacArthur's staff has been assigned the task of studying the psychology of the returning Japanese soldiers and his re-education. Japanese Christian leaders reported that many students were never reconciled to the war program and that they believed that they might make themselves felt at once now that the war is over.

* * * * *

On the first day we found a Japanese placard which read, when translated:

Young people, bestir yourselves;
No time for tears;
What's bad is bad;
What's good is good;
Let's get going.

* * * * *

We remember one youth saying, "You will live to see it; Japan will become the Sweden of the Orient." He was plainly ready to throw himself into the task of making it so.

Children! Children Everywhere!

By MISS THERESA BROWNLEE

Children, children everywhere in India! As we missionaries go through a village, crowds of children follow us, a boy will break through and go ahead, and then other children after him stirring up dust in our faces. If we are starting toward the car, they want to see who can get there first. If we are on bicycles, it is great fun for them to run behind trying to keep up with us and yelling. A naughty boy might throw a clod; a man may see it and give the children cursing. Cars are a novelty in the village, but bicycles are nothing new. The white people are queer. However children who have seen us many times run to meet us when we come in sight, listen eagerly to the Gospel, and follow us as long as they can.

Little School Girls, Sarghoda, India

During the winter when we camp in several centers of Sialkot mission district of about 600 square miles, we have opportunity of proclaiming the Good News to hundreds of adults and thousands of children. We often stopped by the town Badiana. Once before we arrived, children saw us coming, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt's camp equipment on the Ford trailer and mine on the ox-cart. Little ones were bobbing around under the tents when they were being unloaded, and we saw many more on the way coming from the village. "They might pick up things. Should we or could we send them away?" The Bible woman attracted some to one side by singing to them.

When the tents were pitched, gladly they helped carry in the matting, table, chairs, and boxes. Willing workers went home and returned bringing their own beds on their heads for our camp helpers. One said, "What is that thing talking?" It was a clock. When the typewriter was taken out they wondered what that machine could be. To see the gas-lantern lit was a sight that could not be missed. They learned all they could by their eyes as well as by their ears. All the Child Evangelism Institute methods would have appealed to them. They never thought of our getting tired or hungry. Would Jesus have said what I did, "Wait until I have eaten my dinner?" What would He have done when the door and windows were full of heads?

There were nice looking, bright children who learned a Bible story a day. One was a little girl, Mandha, we shall call her. She loved the stories and we believe she loved Jesus, too. A year or two later her sister told us that she was married to a Mohammedan, was not happy, and wished she had come with us. We did not tell her to do that. May be Jesus was calling her.

The Christian elder in Badiana said, when we left, "The children have learned much but they will forget it. Their mothers have to go out and do cleaning work, we men are busy all day, and the children are

(Continued on Page 543)

Meditations of Two Ten-Year-Olds

By MISS MARTHA A. ROY

THE VILLAGE GIRL

"Ya Fatheya!" That was her mother calling—it was time for her to get her small jar, the replica of her mother's, perch it on her head and accompany her to the canal to get the supply of water that would do for the family next day. This was quite an event, for then she would hear the women sing songs, and she would listen to the village gossip. Sometimes on real hot evenings, her mother would let her slip off her dress and paddle in the water for a little. But that was dangerous, as the bank sloped so steeply. Only a few days before, a neighbor's boy had been drowned, and what a crying and mourning of the women that night! Oh, they had loved him very much. Her mother had gone to sit with the bereaved all that day, leaving her baby brother to her—and he was getting to be such a big heavy baby. She sighed—her back ached from lugging him around so much. She would be glad when she was grown-up and married, then she could go and sit with the women all day, too. It wouldn't be very long before she would not be allowed out to play at all—she was getting to be a big girl—in fact she was the biggest girl in school. The boys all sat in front on the ground and the girls at the back—they weren't expected to study much. But the sheikh took good care to see that the boys pronounced their recitatons properly. She wondered what it was all about being boys, they could understand a great deal, she supposed. The nicest part about going to school was that she didn't have to mind the baby so much, and she got to see Zeinab and Rasmeya. Rasmeya had a beautiful new pink dress for the feast—it had spangles on it. Her own father hadn't sold enough camel saddles this year to buy new clothes for the feast. However, her brother was going to wear a nice new red tarboush—she had seen it in the chest. He would look just like the students in the city—they were so learned and carried many books. She had seen them when she went with her mother to the town on market day. Zeinab's mother had bought a pair of shoes last market day. What would it feel like to wear shoes, she wondered. If she had a pair of shoes, she would be like the nice pretty girls in the town. They sometimes wore ribbon in their hair. But their dresses were certainly short there, and sometimes short sleeves too—what a shame!

Fatheya—The Village Girl

"Come, ya Fatheya! How many times have I called you, you lazy good-for-nothing? You do nothing but play—your father cannot arrange a good marriage for such a worthless one! We must get the water for tomorrow—it will be dark before we return, even now."

* * * * *

THE BOARDING SCHOOL GIRL

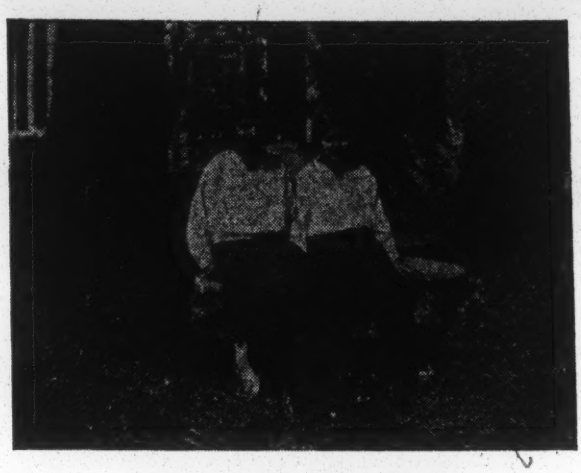
Little Insaf turned carefully in her bed, so as not to wake Rhode, her sister. She thrust her head, wrap-

ped in a blue kerchief, out from under the thick *lahaf* and experimentally sniffed the cold air. The eye she opened told her that it was getting light, and that, in a few minutes, the rising bell would ring. Then she and the other 46 boarders would stumble sleepily down stairs to wash and dress. Why they had to wash so often and so extensively here, she didn't see—they certainly didn't at home. And they actually took two baths a week, too.

After dressing they'd all have prayers quietly. The big girls had nice Bibles and they read so quickly. She couldn't read very quickly yet, but she would some day. She liked to sit and remember the stories she had heard Miss Phoebe tell about baby Moses, and little Samuel, and David and the sheep, and, most of all, about Jesus who was so loving and kind, especially to the poor people and the sick ones who had no doctor, and to little children. And every day she prayed to God to make her a better girl—she was afraid she wasn't making much progress, as just yesterday, Miss Louisa, who was on duty, had washed her mouth out with soap for telling just a little lie! After prayers came good breakfast; today was beans, goody! She wished that she didn't have to use a fork and spoon—to scoop it up with bread was better, and easier. Then would come housework—her nose wrinkled in distaste—her job was sweeping the floor of her dormitory. When she was grown-up, she'd have a servant do that work. It wasn't too bad, since Miss Phoebe had praised her yesterday for doing it so clean. After work, she would put on her clean pink uniform—and maybe her sister would give her a ribbon for her hair.

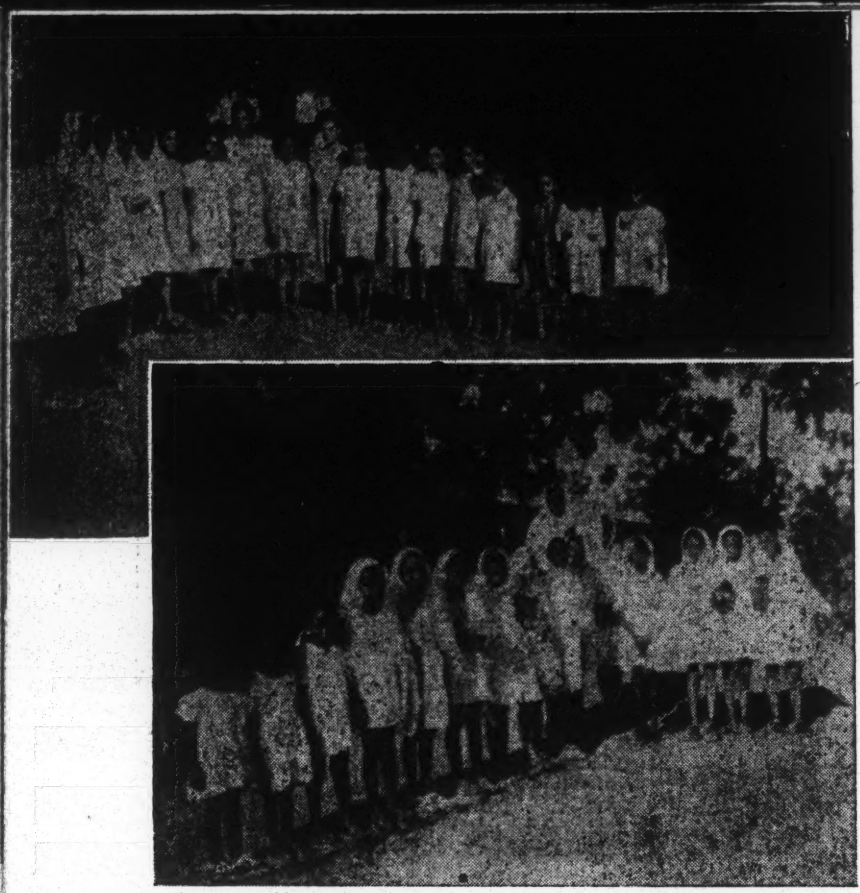
Then would come a whole day of happiness. She and Thoreya and Leile would play tag in the playground, at recess. And maybe Miss Phoebe would let them hold the big doll, if they were real good. And all the lessons were such fun, just like play. The little white chairs and tables were just their size. And she liked the pictures on the walls, especially the one with Jesus and all the little children. What song would they sing in chapel that day? She hoped it would be the Joy song—it was such fun to clap your hands real loud in it. She'd have to teach it to Blanche, her friend at home. She wished Blanche could come and see all this, for she'd never believe her telling about it all.

Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong! There, the bell—the beautiful day has begun.



Insaf and Her Sister Rhode

Happy Husna and her Mother—of the North Sudan



Children of the North Sudan

By MISS FRANCES TURK, R.N.

Boarding School Girls, Sudanese Children at Their Best Khartoum North, The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan

What shall I say about our children of the North Sudan? I have been with them most of the time for twenty-four years.

They are black and real brown and less brown and white. They are happy and sad, busy and idle, creative and destructive, fun-loving and serious, but, to me, most of them are hungry and sick. I am enclosing two scenes of our Boarding Department. They are Sudanese children at their best but they are in the minority.

I shall tell you of the mass, a few of which come crowding our doors seeking treatment. Their mothers bring them, for most of them are infants under two years of age. As they come into the clinic, they are those who have burning fevers, others having any of the various types of dysenteries and diarrheas, still others with bronchitis and pneumonia; many with aching ears, some with skin and head diseases, but most of all with very sore eyes. They come to us because they say that we are people who love children and are painstaking with them and that our medicine is the best. We are glad that they want to come to us. We tell the mothers that we in ourselves have no power over disease, that only Jesus, our great Doctor, can heal and that we work but depend upon Him to heal their sick. They are interested in Him as the "Healer" but are afraid of the very mention of the "Son of God." Surely they come with fears but with hope.

Then, what shall I say of the thousands of babies who go to hospitals and clincs where Moslem warden maids give them care if they are sufficiently bribed? Of other thousands who fear hospitals and will go to their holy men who may burn parts of their bodies, or bleed them or prescribe frightful and wonderful concoctions for drinking in or rubbing on. There are those who suffer from branding upon their faces the marks of their tribes. There are the little girls who undergo tortures through circumcisions.

Sudan's children's greatest needs are missionary nurses and school leaders, a fine big airy hospital with efficient Christian doctors and an almost unlimited capacity of bed space, with a farm, a dairy, and a convalescent home where children can get a new lease on life that is Christian in every way. We aim high. How far are we willing to go?

Little Johnny

Sudan Babies

By MISS MARY V. EWING, R.N.

Johnny is very lovable, isn't he? His father and grandmother thought so, too, and brought him over 20 miles to Doleib Hill in 1942 so that he could be given care he would not receive in the village. He was just 4 months old then and stayed with us till he was about 2 years of age. From the very first he was a beautiful, healthy baby boy and his black skin shone like soft satin.

A couple of years before we took Johnny, another baby was brought to us—a little girl, who was already 2 years old. She couldn't walk or talk but was just skin and bones and big eyes. Much to my surprise I found out that this old grandmother who brought her had been the wife of the Shulla king at one time—a Queen—and there she was with a greasy black cloth covering her, wearing nothing on her head or feet —no jewels—no nothing to distinguish her in the least from other Shulla women. The baby's mother, a princess, had been sick for some time and had little food to give her child. It was simply a case of malnutrition. So she was given a milk formula on which she thrived wonderfully, the grandmother bringing her twice a day for it, walking through rain or hot sun without fail. It wasn't long before this baby became round and pretty, began to walk and talk again. One day we went out to the village to visit the baby's mother who had been sick for so long. She was unable to walk and looked very poor indeed. She was taken to the Government Hospital in Malakal, 15 miles away, where she received the treatment she needed to help her recover. When she was able to walk the distance, she carried the baby and came to church either in the village or at Doleib Hill. Eventually she came to know Christ and to love Him and was baptized. With her was baptized the baby whom she named "Mary"—after Mary, the mother of Jesus, whom she had come to know and love.

Mary will not find it easy to follow the Jesus way out in the village for all around her is paganism—superstitions and un-Christlike customs. This grandchild of a king has become a Child of *The* King and He requires of her as He does of us, an absolute allegiance. If she learns to read she won't have the whole Bible in her own language. When she becomes a young woman, if she has learned new ways of living she will find it very difficult to carry out these new ideas among her people. We need more missionaries to spread the Good News among these people, to teach them to read—and to take care of their bodies. Each task is a very important one, contributing to the "stature" of the Shulla in Christ.

Kenya

By MRS. RUTH LOBAUGH WALKER

Her name sounds like the name of a country and it *is*—a country just south of Ethiopia. But why should parents name their child for a country?

We must go back to 1936 and the occupation of Ethiopia by the Italians. Persons who had been working with Protestant missionaries were suspected by the new military regime of being anti-facist and those who had been in a certain Bible School had a very difficult time. The little family into which Kenya was born was one of these taking refuge in the British Colony of Kenya where they finally found their way to the refugee camp where thousands of others were being cared for.

It wasn't long until Kenya's father began to preach the Gospel to his fellow refugees in the camp. A meeting place was provided and regular services were held throughout the years of their exile.

And then, when a little girl was born into the family, what better name could be found for her than that of the country which had given them refuge.

In 1941, when the time came for the refugees to be returned to their own land, Keny's family travelled with the others, by truck from south of Nairobi to Addis Ababa. It wasn't an easy journey as some stretches of the road were built through mountainous country where few people live and food is scarce, and in other places where the road leads through hot desert places which means little water, food, or rest from heat by day and night.

When Kenya and her family finally located the old home and were settled again, it was discovered that the Mother had become a victim of tuberlocusis. As her condition grew worse, they were warned that Kenya would certainly contract the disease if allowed to remain at home where

Kenya

she slept in the same bed with her mother. Finally, after much persuasion, the mother brought her to the Mission school in Addis Ababa. Kenya, not yet six years old, became a boarder.

The small buildings used as dormitories were already full and not another bed could be crowded in but we knew it was our duty to see that she was cared for. Since she was so tiny it was decided to borrow one of the baby beds fro mthe hospital, a bed large enough for small Kenya, and small enough to be tucked into one of the bedrooms, and so her life in boarding school began at this early age.

She is a tiny, dainty little lass and sion became the pet of the school. The older girls vied with one another to teach her to skip rope and play games and to wash her feet at night. Kenya had shoes but no stockings so her feet needed attention at bed time the same as the feet of the majority of the girls who were barefoot.

During the school year Kenya learned to ciunt and to write figures and had mastered a part of the 250 letter alphabet. Her mother came a few times and visited her on the veranda of the school. How hard she found it each time to go away

(Continued on Page 561)

The Children of the Mountains

By THE REVEREND RAYMOND B. DRUKKER, D.D.

I maintain that the mountain people must be given opportunity to develop themselves not only for their own sakes but for America and for the sake of the world. So consider with me this intriguing imperative: the work of Christ among a people whom the world needs, and who deserve the best the world and the Church can provide for them.

* * * * *

In our state, we have 2½ per cent of all the children in the United States between the ages of five and seventeen years; and if we did not receive aid from the state, through regular appropriations and from the equalization fund, we would be able from our own county taxes to contribute only two hundred and sixty dollars a year toward the support of the seventy-six schools in our county. We know what Christian education can do for the people in this situation.

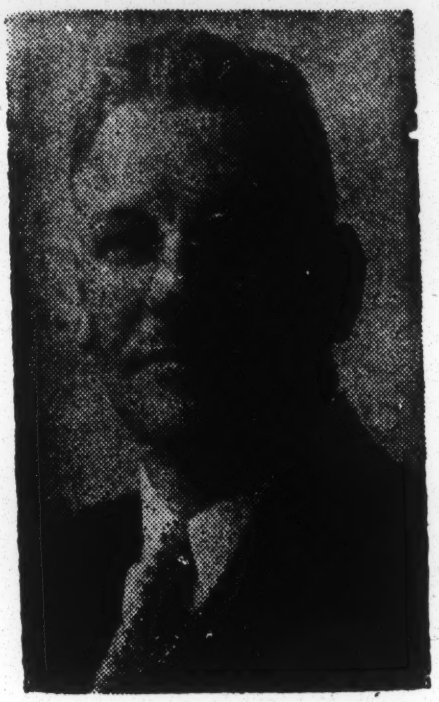
* * * * *

In the mission hospital, with resident nurses, regular clinics for health and maternity work, home nursing programs and institutes, we assist those who need us.

In this way the Church of Christ becomes the healing hand of Jesus to people who never could afford the ministry of medicine.

* * * * *

Multitudes forsaken and forgotten by established churches have become the prey of sects whose unwholesome indoctrination in fragmentary Christianity has wrought untold havoc in many areas. I have preached in cathedrals and have sensed the presence of the Eternal, but in a little, badly kept schoolhouse, illumined by a few lanterns, I felt the presence and the power of God as I never had felt them before. I saw in the eyes of those young people the hunger of souls suffering from spiritual malnutrition. And what a delight it was to give them the Bread of Life!



The Reverend Raymond B. Drukker, D.D.

The last night I saw a young woman enter. She carried a baby in one arm, and in the other hand she held a lantern. After the service I complimented her on the fine behavior of her baby, and as she showed me the infant I saw what a precious child it was. Then I asked her: "How far did you walk to come to meeting tonight?"

"Three and a half miles."

"And how old is your baby?"

"Three weeks old."

Then I asked: "Why did you come to meeting tonight, walking seven miles with a three-weeks-old baby on one arm and a lantern in your other hand?"

She looked up into my eyes and said: "Because this was the last night of meetings, and if I didn't come tonight I wouldn't get any preaching, Mr. Drukker."

And that is in America! Surely the Church of Christ and the gospel of Christ are the ultimate solution.

Bringing Cheer to Little Children

By JENNIE CANTLAND CALLISTER

Children of Migrants in a Home Mission Center

There are thousands of little children among the people we call migrants. (They are called by that name because they migrate, or wander from place to place, as they pick or can the fruits and vegetables which come to our tables.) Some families pick tomatoes every month of the year—in Florida and other states along the Gulf of Mexico in the winter, then in states along the Mississippi valley, one after the other and finally in Michigan: then they return to Florida. Others follow the strawberry season or some other in the same way.

Very often, little children may be seen at work in the fields—some as young as five, and many who are only seven. This means *work,* hour after hour and day after day, occasionally seven days a week. Parents need the money. Their work isn't steady. Rain, frost and bad storms keep them idle for days or even weeks at a time and of course they can't be earning while they travel from one crop to another—they are *spending* then, for gasoline, etc.

If there are several children in a family, just the few cents they can earn, when added together, will be a help. Mothers sometimes take even the babies to the fields because there is no one to care for them, but too often, they leave the babies behind. This is the kind of thing that happens in many places: mothers put their babies on the ground with crackers in their hands and climb onto the waiting trucks which carry workers to the fields. No place for babies on these trucks!

In recent years, our government has had nurseries in the camps that it has set up for migrants but there aren't nearly enough to care for all the little children. Christian people began, long before the government, to do what they could and have continued year after year for 25 years, to help the migrant families. Lucky are the little folk who can be in a Christian Center. There they not only are fed and kept clean but they learn about Jesus—some who have never heard of Him before. They also have a chance to play, to listen to stories and to learn hymns and Bible verses.

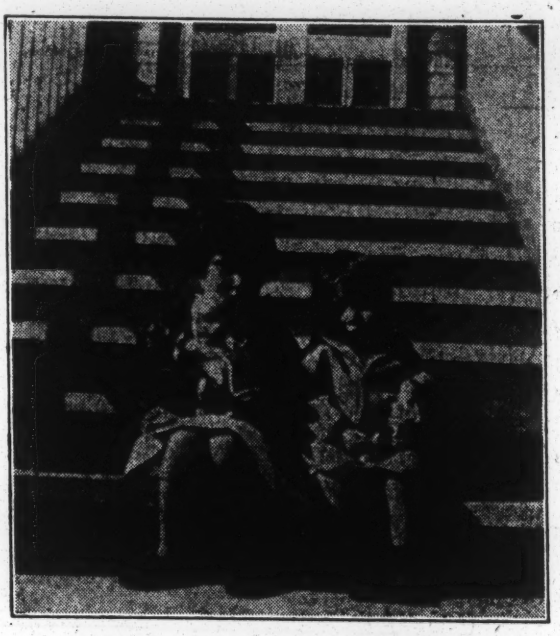
Centers aren't always beautiful on the outside but every one is kept clean and as pretty as possible inside. If you have thought of migrant children as dirty or unpleasant, just look carefully at the lovely children in these pictures—couldn't they be in your school or Sunday School? How they wish they could be—might live where they could feel they belonged! Would you welcome them if their families were picking crops near your home?

Play ground for tiny tots, Migrant Home Mission Center

Little Jim's Little Mother

By MISS HELEN J. NOORDEWIER

Little Jim is the youngest of a family of eight. He is a bright, chubby, Wasco Indian baby, just able to walk now. He is dearly beloved, and just a little bit spoiled, (!) by his parents and his older brothers and sisters. His mother used to carry him to Church on a "board," the Indian cradle. But on these days, when the snows are deep, she often carries him in a shawl on her back. Jim's mother is a dear little Christian woman, one of the very few Wasco Christians. Her husband is good-looking, intelligent, capable person and, when he is sober, is a good provider for his family. But alas! he is not often sober and so the family usually has a difficult time of it. And what a heavy burden the little mother bears! But oh, how bravely and sweetly she bears it! Recently, they moved, for a time at least, from their little farm a few miles from here, to an Indian village, very near the Agency, so that the father could be nearer his work at the new lumber mills going up on the Reservation. The village to which they moved has a bad reputation for drinking and gambling, but they could find no other place to live just now. I called on Jim's mother last week and something I saw on her outside doorpost almost nailed me to the spot. What do you think it was? A little plaque with this inscription: "Love never faileth." What a message in *that* place, in *such* a village! *"Love never faileth."* The message of little Jim's mother to her husband, to her family, to her neighbors, to you and me. Do you wonder that little Jim's mother has become very dear to me and that I long, oh how I long, that her tribe may truly increase? Will you labor in prayer with us to this end?



Colleen and Melba Whitebreast of our Indian Missions

Dr. Raymond Drukker says:

I remember so well, out on an Oklahoma Reservation, while speaking with Robert Chaat (that grand Comanche Christian pastor) that a handsome young Apache came up to us and said: "Robert, it's wonderful to be a Christian."

"Yes," Robert replied, "I think so, too. But why do you think so?"

"It's this way," replied the young Apache. "Before I became a Christian, I was always afraid. The evil spirits constantly haunted and tortured me with fear; I was never free from fear. But when Jesus Christ came into my life, I learned that I didn't have to be afraid of anything. That's why I believe it's wonderful to be a Christian, Robert."

As I listened, I sensed anew that Jesus Christ, in his perfect love, casts out fear.

Teaching the Bible to the Children of Our Southern Missions

By MRS. D. F. WHITE

Lest the time come in our Christian land when it will be said of us as it was of Israel in the days of the Judges: "There arose another generation after them, which knew not the Lord, nor yet the works which he had done for Israel," we of the Mission Fields of the South work earnestly and dilligently to teach the children of our generation the word of God. And more than that, we strive to live a holy and consistent Christian life as concrete demonstration to the youth of our day, the practicality of the teaching of Christ.

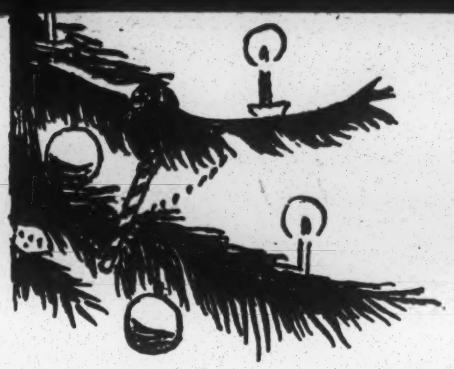
When we study our religious statistics and find that twenty-seven million of American youth are growing up without religious instruction either in the Bible School or church services, there is a sense of urgency in the matter of getting the children of the community into church and Bible School.

In the Mission Fields of the South the great need of teaching the Scriptures not alone to the children, but to adults as well, is due to the fact that the indigenous church for the most part neglects the teaching of the Bible. In our Missions the Bible is taught daily in our day schools as a text book. Therefore almost every child of the community where our schools and churches are located receives Bible instruction. The children of our own church attend the Bible school and the parents are urged to bring them instead of sending them. When a child is not at Bible school, our first business is to find out why.

To maintain interest we use to the limit the calendar days of the Church such as Christmas, Children's Day, Rally Day, Mother's Day, etc., to which is added the Vacation Bible School, the annual picnic, and occasionally a social. The Annual Y.P.C.U. and Sabbath School Convention being held at a different Mission each year emphasizes Bible instruction through its program in which the young people display knowledge of the Scriptures in various ways. In some of our missions the Junior Church is established to instil church consciousness and teach simple Bible truths. Children of extreme poverty are not neglected. We furnish them with clothing from the boxes sent from the North so they may attend Bible school and church.

Because of the limitations of resources we are not able to develop highly organized Bible schools. We use however, what we have to the best of our ability, to the helpfulness of the child and the home from which it comes. For we know if the Negro child is to achieve success and be able to overcome his handicaps and make his contribution to the progress of mankind, he must know God in Christ and live in accord with the teachings of the word of God. Our people are not stable in their community life. Many are constantly moving from one place to another. But we have this satisfaction, that wherever they go the life of the community where they are will be enriched.

School Children, Camden, Alabama



Merry Christmas in June

By MRS. CHARLES W. FULTON

Last Christmas twenty boys in our school at Omdurman, in the Egyptian Sudan, had no Christmas gifts. In former years many useful articles had been sent by Junior Societies for the Junior Exhibit at the annual conventions of the Women's General Missionary Society, and each year these had been distributed to our home and foreign mission stations, carrying with them great happiness to children at the following Christmas season. During World War II it was not possible to send any Junior Exhibit articles abroad; so the boys at Omdurman had no gifts last Christmas.

Some gifts of money, contributed for the Junior Exhibit last year, were sent to several of our foreign stations. One of these went to the Pressly Memorial Institute at Assiut, Egypt. A warm letter of appreciation has just been received concerning this.

It is hoped that it will be possible to send articles, as well as money, abroad this year. No designation of gifts is permitted; since an impartial distribution to home and foreign fields is desired. Send any suitable gifts for children (except scrapbooks), picture cards, Sabbath School cards, and sewing bags fitted with thread (40 or 50), needles, pins, safety pins, emery balls, and scissors.

Monetary gifts for the Junior Exhibit should be sent through Presbyterial Treasurers; other gifts should be sent this year to Mrs. E. O. McCreight, Chairman of Junior Exhibit, Tarkio College, Tarkio, Missouri, by June 5.

Let us say Merry Christmas in June this year!

Thank You, Juniors

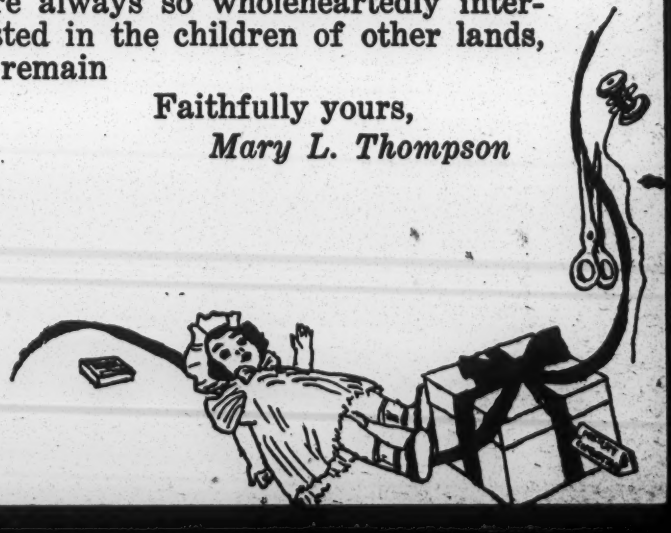
The other day we received notice of a gift of $20 from the Junior Exhibit Fund for Christmas gifts for the pupils of the P.M.I. If you had seen how every scrap of material was used for Christmas gifts for the girls this year, you would appreciate all the more what that gift is going to mean to us. The stores here are quite empty of little articles that we might buy for simple gifts. Fortunately a box of things which Miss Mason had collected during her prolonged furlough arrived just before Christmas and we had a few things left from gifts that had been sent out before and then we made things. One of the things that we had made was a little hanger for drying hose. Miss Mason had bought one for 25 cents at home which was our model. Our carpenter had found on the street a nice piece of strong copper wire and with that and clothes pins he fashioned ten very good copies of the model Miss Mason provided. The Fifth Secondary boarders who received them were very much pleased with their gifts on Christmas morning. Miss Mason had brought out dolls which were just exactly enough for the five littlest girls among the boarders. And Little Egyptian girls get just as much joy from receiving a doll as any other child you ever saw.

Thank you and the Juniors for your remembrance of us. I hope that toys and other gifts will be on the market next year and your money will be used in getting some of them to make happy seventy-five or more hearts.

With greetings to the Juniors who are always so wholeheartedly interested in the children of other lands, I remain

Faithfully yours,

Mary L. Thompson



Worship Service

For Program Study on "Keys for Christian Service"

By MRS. S. B. COPELAND

Worship Theme for Year: Using the Keys

JUNE—The Key of Humility. Mark 10:15. "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

Without announcement, play softly B.S.H. 184, and then repeat, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

HUMILITY: Ps. 37:11; Prov. 22:4; Matt. 5:3; Matt 18:2-4; Eph. 4:2; Jas. 4:6.

"He who would rise like Thee, like Thee must owe
His glory only to his stooping low."

I In the pagan world, humility is a weakness, a defect, a blemish, a cowardly groveling before superiors, an exhibition of cowardice, or a mean spirit. But Christianity clothes humility with charm, and considers it a necessary attitude if one unlocks the door leading into the kingdom of God. It should not be hard to acquire humility, for all *from* which we have been saved, and all *to* which we have been saved, all that we now possess, all that we hope to become has come to us, or will come to us as a direct result of the birth, life, death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. We are debtors. Humility bids us look on life with gratitude, and strive to pay our debt.

"The tumult and the shouting die,
The captains and the kings depart.
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice—
An humble and a contrite heart."
B.S.H. 61:1, 3.

II We begin to use the key of humility when we pray to be made humble. But if we then act in the home, school, office, or church in a "me first, you last" way, the key will not fit the lock, and the door into the Kingdom will remain closed in our faces. Someone remarked rather cynically, "Humility is a virtue all preach, but none practise. The master thinks it a good doctrine for the servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity." But Augustine stresses its basic importance: "Should you ask me, What is the first thing in religion? I should reply, 'The first, second and third thing therein—nay, all—is humility."

"Lord, grant us grace to love Thee so
That glad of heart and glad of face,
At last we may sit, high or low,
Each in his place."
—*Christine Rosetti*

III To teach his disciples humility, Jesus set a child in the midst. Mothers, fathers, grandparents and other doting relatives have no difficulty in understanding this object lesson. The child's willingness to learn and to help, her ready response to love, her gentleness and purity of heart are traits we too often lose in the grim busines of getting a living or keeping a house. But they are traits we must re-acquire if we are to be accepted as citizens of the kingdom of God. Charles Dickenson feels the impact of childhood on his life and expresses it thus:

"Those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child."

IV The key of Humility may open doors of service if we are child*like* in our attitude,—but it never will if we are child*ish*. Petulance about having our "rights", unbridled ambition in business, society or even the church organizations, unwillingness to follow, impatience with those who are 'babes in Christ',—these are marks

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CHILDREN OF GERMANY DURING THE FIRST MONTHS OF OF AMERICAN OCCUPATION

(Continued from Page 521)

and entered athletic contests at Nurenburg. These youngsters were healthy specimens and well could they win contests. But now, knowing that they could not engage in those contests, they expressed only sullenness and bewilderment. Their future, as well as that of their kinsfolk in the cities, was uncertain.

As the winter approached and the non-fraternization bans were lifted on children, the horizon for the little ones became brighter. The genial G.I. could not stand by and see little ones suffer. "Be kind to the little children" seemed almost to be the motto of all the soldiers. Where ever they were stationed in the cow towns of Germany, in the villages of Bavaria, or the bombed-out cities, the G.I.'s made friends of the children. Soon all the children were seen chewing American gum and eating chocolate bars, and swinging along happily with the G.I's on their way to guard duty. By December much of the grimness of earlier months had disappeared through G.I. generosity. It was as Bill had said, "Our soldiers could be real ambassadors of goodwill!"

CHILDREN! CHILDREN EVERYWHERE!

(Continued from Page 531)

growing up like animals with no schooling, just learning to curse and lie. Give us a Christian school." Those were the days of depression when schools were being closed. We had no teacher nor money for a new school. "With God all things are possible." They prayed and a teacher and the money came. The school was started under a tree with the children sitting on burlap on the ground. Later, in answer to prayer, a mud school-house and teachers' home were built. The children were soon able to read the Bible. Their parents learned some hymns from them and became interested in learning to read for themselves. The teacher started a night school for adults. Miss Boyd who knew how people in the villages without books revert to illiteracy gave them a little library which was a great help. People said, "It is a different village since they have a Christian school."

For our district of 150 villages where we have Christians there are only five Christian primary schools with seven men and three Punjabi women teachers, besides the boarding schools which take only about a dozen beginners from Sialkot district a year. There are government schools where many of our boys and seven or eight girls go.

Many school children from the Christian community said that they came to know Christ as their Saviour. A little Mohammedan girl and two Hindu girls of Badiana said they believed in Jesus and prayed daily in His name. They were too young to be baptized without their parents' consent, and now may be married to non-Christians. It is comforting to know that, "No one is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand."

OF I

FRIENDS

Mrs. Joseph M. Heagen is editor of the Junior Missionary Magazine. This little monthly magazine now finds its way into almost 8,000 homes.

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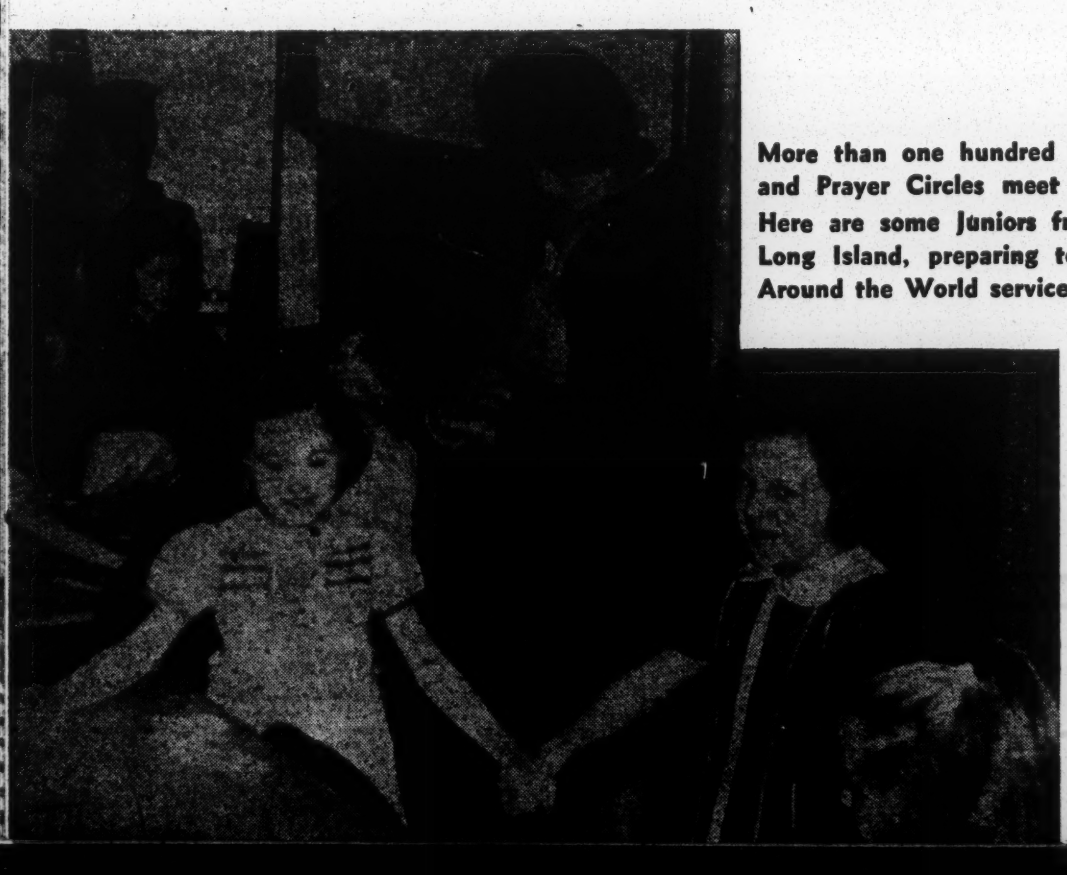

More than one hundred Junior Prayer Groups and Prayer Circles meet regularly for prayer. Here are some Juniors from Bellerose Manor, Long Island, preparing to join in the Prayer Around the World service last June.

REST

JUNIORS

Besides contributions to the Seven Departments, Juniors give to the Junior Special Fund and to the Thank Offering. There are also many Junior Life Members.

s Mary V. Ewing, Junior Special sionary, is now rneying back to the lan, in Africa.

The Junior Special Fund of '45-'46 reached many needy fields.

Memories of Ella O. Kyle

By MISS MINNEHAHA FINNEY

How times change! Before we know it we grow old and years of service on the Mission Field are merely a background of almost forgotten work and achievements, forgotten not by one's self, but by those who are now in the same working harness, and doing a valiant and noble service.

Still, on the other side there is a real duty of love and devotion to those who have laid down their life's work and entered the Heavenly Land for a new kind of service in the immediate presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

My dear friend, Ella O. Kyle, now in the presence of her Saviour, rejoicing in the new type of service, deserves a tribute from those of us who have many precious memories of her. I can truly say that Ella O. Kyle was a great inspiration to me when I entered upon my work in Egypt over fifty years ago. I found her in the prime of womanhood and full of enthusiasm in her work which she loved so devotedly, the education of Egypt's girls and young women.

Miss Ella O. Kyle, Founder of the American College for Girls and its first President

When I arrived in Egypt the Fall of 1894 I found Miss Kyle just starting on her second term of service. The term of a missionary's service in those days was ten years instead of seven as at present. She had been newly located in Cairo in charge of the Girls' Boarding School in Ezbakieh, noted as being the first Boarding School for Girls in all the land of Egypt. During Miss Kyle's superintendency of this school it had a phenomenal growth, both in numbers and in prestige, its fame spreading so that the quarters assigned to the school in the Ezabekiah building were more than overflowing with girls. Miss Kyle was a very practical person and was able to do wonders towards using every nook and corner even to rooms on the flat roof for her girls. To be sure the quarters were much overcrowded, but still the girls even from the higher classes kept coming more and more. The higher and better classes of Egyptians began to clamor for something better and roomier for their girls as can easily be understood.

How well I remember when the practical mind of Miss Kyle began to have visions for what she even called (but in whispers) *The American College For Girls.* As I look back over those days I marvel at how long it took for dear Miss Kyle's vision to become a reality, but with absolutely nothing with which to begin, it did become a reality. She never ceased to "talk it up" in the Mission circles, she never ceased to pray God earnestly, she never ceased to write hundreds of letters—all for a better place for the education of Egypt's daughters. It was a task, mountain high. I may say and gladly so, that she had a sympathetic listener in me and I ap-

preciated her confidence in telling me her visions although by that time I was having visions of my own for my work in Alexandria. Thank God, all of our visions became realities so why should God's children, His fellow-workers not have visions. As Solomon, the Wise says, "Where there is no vision the people perish."

Yes, we need vision and we need memories, too, to inspire all of us to new and further visions. This is why it is sweet to renew the memories of my dear friend, Ella O. Kyle whose visions have become such a splendid reality in the American College for Girls, there in Cairo, Egypt.

What a loyal host of lovely Egyptian girls, even during Miss Kyle's lifetime and ever since have enjoyed precious educational advantages in Christian environement and under Christian influence. This is what her vision has made possible, something begun and now carried on and further developed by devoted missionaries following in her footsteps. Miss Kyle died fairly young and so did not have the privilege of experiencing the full development of the splendid institution she started. Her sacrifices through it all were many, even health and life's vigor, to say nothing about the financial help she gave out of her own resources.

My personal feeling is that a faithful missionary, hard-working and resourceful, needs no monument more than the results of the service rendered through the years but I also feel that those who follow such a worker need the help and inspiration of giving some sort of a memorial in her honor thus welding a golden link between a past generation of faithfulness and the present generation of faithful valiant workers doing their part in carrying on a further developing of a work so well begun.

"The American College for Girls has, since its establishment, held a unique position in the country. It is the most advanced *Protestant* missionary school for girls in all North Africa, occupying a strategic position in a city that is the largest in the continent, and is, at the same time, the intellectual and spiritual center of the Arabic speaking world and the capital city of Egypt!

THE ELLA O. KYLE MEMORIAL

There has been established through the Home Council of the College for Girls in Cairo a scholarship to be used for the education of girls who may become Christian leaders.

Miss Kyle has been called "the great pioneer of women's education in Egypt" and such she was.

After serving ten years in Pressley Memorial Institute in Assiut she was transferred to the Girls' Boarding School in Cairo.

"Under her skillful management this grew to large proportions . . . but her vision included still larger things. There was needed a school of higher educational standard, so equipped as to attract the daughters of families high in social rank." The government and the Mission had provided for the primary education of considerable numbers of the daughters of the poor and middle classes but little or nothing had been provided for the neglected daughters of the great families of Egypt. Miss Kyle's heart was touched by the eagerness of the few girls of this class who had ventured into the crowded, dreary quarters of the Ezbakieh school, and at the same time she had a keen appreciation of the strategic importance of moulding the character, enlightening the minds, and drawing Christward these daughters —and future mothers—of the land-owning, professional, and governing classes of Egyptian society."

The College for Girls in Egypt opened its doors December 6, 1909, with staff and students beginning together the thrilling adventure. Those who can remember will recall that at the dedication the College was honored by the presence of Theodore Roosevelt, who made the address of the day.

"In the immediate response of every religious group to the opening of the College, the Egyptian public gave strong confirmation to Miss Kyle's judgment in estimating the need for such an institution, and evidence of the place it was already taking in the confidence of the Egyptian people. The students came, as had been expected, from representative homes of the influential classes of Egyptian society, classes that had scarcely been touched by the Mission in carrying the message of Christ to the people of Egypt."

Miss Kyle was a great woman "with administrative gifts that triumphed over difficulties seemingly insurmountable, insight into the future which led to large and comprehensive plans, educational gifts that made her the worthy head of a large institution, a missionary purpose which made everything bend to the great aim of winning young lives to Christ, she occupied a position of unique influence."

While Ella O. Kyle is kept in constant remembrance in the College by different pictures on the walls and a lovely plaque in the entrance her memory will be enhanced in living forms as girls who receive the benefit of this scholarship go out to serve and to help build up the Church of Christ in Egypt.

WORSHIP SERVICE

(Continued from Page542)

of the spoiled child, no matter how many birthdays have passed. We may have a harder struggle to obtain our citizenship in God's kingdom than ever any immigrant had to master our language and our Constitution in his test for citizenship of the U. S. A. But being a good citizen of the Kingdom is surely a recompense for the struggle.

"He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

—*John Bunyan*

PRAYER—that we may have individual humility, national humility, denominational humility.

The American Mission College for Girls, Cairo, Egypt

President's Page

College Springs Presbyterial and Tarkio College are standing at the "Open Door" waiting to cross the "Threshold," into an opportunity of service for The Women's General Missionary Society. Last year this door was closed to us.

We are convinced that this annual convention will make a definite contribution to both our Home and Foreign work and that those who attend will be blessed and in turn, become a blessing to the growth of the Kingdom.

The inspirational and devotional services, the reports of advancement and the Christian fellowship of such gatherings, all inspire us to greater effort in the primary task of the Church of Jesus Christ.

The basic purpose of the Church is the spreading of the Gospel and the advancement of the Kingdom of God. The minister who keeps his people conscious of the great missionary task of the Church, is helping his congregation to look beyond the needs of its own membership and thereby fosters the primary purpose of the Church.

In his book, *From One Generation to Another,* Egbert W. Smith has said: "If we believe that to men's need of Christ there is no exception, and to His power to save there is no limit, if we believe that He is the gift of the Father to all, that He has been lifted up, as He said, to draw all men unto Him then we must believe that our first duty is to give the knowledge of this Saviour to all mankind."

Surely we shall be concerned for the physical comfort of our guests during this 1946 Convention, and we are putting forth every effort to that end. We are even more interested in having this convention become such a motivating power in the lives of the women who attend, that our whole Church both at home and abroad, shall feel the impact of its inspiration.

As women, throughout our Church, may we be much in prayer for this great gathering at Tarkio College. May those who bring the messages of the need in our mission fields be so filled with the Spirit of Christ that His great commission, "Go ye into all the world," will have a new birth in our hearts and lives.

May each, who shall attend the convention, have a safe and happy journey and a pleasant and profitable sojourn in Tarkio. May each return to her own society with an inspiration and will to be of greater service in the work of the Master.

We greet you through the pages of The Women's Missionary Magazine, now, but on June 14th, we shall be most happy to greet you, in person. Ours is a great privilege to entertain such a body of consecrated women throughout our denomination.

Mrs. M. Earle Collins
Second Vice President of the Women's
General Missionary Society

MRS. JOHN P. WHITE, Editor, 120 Carnegie Place, Pittsburgh (8), Pa.
MRS. RALPH H. ARNOLD, Treasurer, 525 Mifflin Ave., Pittsburgh (21), Pa.

THE FOREIGN MISSIONS CONFERENCE

It was a real mountain top experience to attend the Fifty-second Annual meeting of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, at Buck Hill Falls, in the Pocono Mountains, Pennsylvania, March 25-27.

In the course of the days the delegates saw foreign missions today, through the eyes of the officers of the Conference, of the board members of more than 120 participating denominations of the United States and Canada, of missionaries from at least twenty-two countries, and of nationals from a dozen lands.

There were representatives from the Episcopalian Church, from Methodists and Free Methodists, from different branches of the Lutheran church, from Baptists, North and South, from hyphenated denominations, Congregation-Christian, Evangelical-Reformed, and Evangelicals that were not reformed; plain Presbyterians, Northern and Southern, and United, Reformed in America and Christian Reformed, two varieties of Friends, Church of the Brethren, Church of God—and others. Wherein we differ was not discussed at this time. The essential one-ness was in the deep conviction of every representative present that "The Mission of the Church is Missions".

Preceding the regular conference there was a women's conference to talk over problems that pertain particularly to missionaries supported by women's boards. In moving stories from nationals as well as from missionaries we heard how the war had affected many lands, of the new problems arising from the changed and changing conditions in every land; of the special responsibility to help the Christian women who belong to the 10% or 20% literate to teach the 90% or 80% illiterate; of the great promise of adult literacy methods, the subject of pre-school education and other topics.

The support of women missionaries called for thoughtful discussion. What about their salaries? Are they adequate at this time of the high cost of living all over the world? There was just one answer to the question; the supporting constituency has the answer. Should provision be made for furloughed women missionaries, who no longer have any "home folk" upon whom to depend for living quarters in the home land? What arrangements should be made for furlough study?

What can the women of the church do? Were we startled or were we not, to hear that this group of women has a record of more than 10,000 foreign students, a large proportion of which come from missionary colleges, who have come to the U. S. and Canada for advanced study; that these students are scattered through several hundred colleges here? In the port cities these students arrive in different groups; one hundred and thirty-nine arrived recently from Egypt, one of which was a young woman. Christian men and women meet and greet these newcomers, place helpful information in their hands about the money, restaurants (even explaining

the automats), travel, etc. Church groups plan for entertaining these strangers in their midst in churches and in homes.

After the stirring two days one conclusion was evident: *The majority of the Christian women in this blessed land of ours are utterly unaware of all these things, else there would be tens of thousands of them crying out "Let us help!"*

In the general conference that began Wednesday afternoon an unique plan was used. The "Roving Reporter" went about asking people what they thought about the churches of the North America spending twenty millions of dollars on foreign missions last year. Needless to say many thought it a wild expenditure of good money; some considered it not a bad idea, some approved in a measure. Then came the testimony by transcription of the Editor of the Toledo Blade, who was enthusiastic, who gave his observation of facts and testified that "the missionary movement in the Far East is now paying dividends." He believed that the church's investment of twenty million dollars a year to missionary work is the finest contribution that can be made to the peoples of the world.

The Thursday sessions were devoted to discussions of the Contribution of the Foreign Missions Conference to the World Mission of the Church. The evening meeting was of unusual interest as chaplains, ex-soldiers, and nationals brought thrilling messages from all over the world.

The closing part of the evening service touched our hearts. It was a moving picture of the experiences of the four men, Bishop Baker, Dr. Shafer, Dr. Horton and Dr. Van Kirk who made that eventful and historic trip to confer with the Christians of Japan. Looking on the ruined cities and hearing of churches destroyed, of Christians scattered, of ministers and leaders killed, made us understand that it was a delicate task to talk of the relationship between Americans and Japanese. But it was the conviction of these ambassadors that the situation in Japan presents an unparalleled opportunity of aggressive evangelism. "The people are shocked, hurt and humbled and miserable," as Mrs. Uemura said. "The Japanese spirit is in great trouble and confusion," said Mr. Tomita, "Japan must rise up out of despair with Christ."

A communion service was held, the bread being provided by the American army. Together the visitors and a group of Japanese leaders sat down together to partake of that holy feast that has made Christians one in Christ through all the centuries.

In the Foreign Missions Conference there was an expression of deep thanksgiving that God has opened the seas to the ships bearing good news to all nations; there was a spirit of immediacy calling the church to awake and move quickly; a spirit of urgency in the changed and changing world of today.

Going away from the conference with a "Mandate from the Master" ringing in their ears, surely no one consecrated to this work could slacken service in the great plan of the Master to go into all the world with the wonderful message of the Son of God who laid off His deity to become man, to suffer and die upon the cross that men everywhere, who will accept, may have everlasting life through Him.

MISS ROSE McCULLOUGH

On Tuesday morning, April 15, Miss Rose McCullough passed away at the age of 96, at the Home for the Aged, Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, where she spent her last years.

Miss McCullough went to India in 1879. A story of her life will appear in the Magazine next month.

MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN, Secretary, 905 Publication Building, 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

THANK OFFERING INGATHERINGS IN EGYPT

We are indebted to Mrs. W. J. Skellie, Luxor, Egypt, for reports of the annual Thank Offering Services in various presbyterials.

These reports indicate the oneness of our work of the Kingdom in Egypt or America. Their societies and presbyterials carry on much the same as ours in America. They with us are expressing gratitude to God for all His gifts.

ALEXANDRIA

We had no general Thank Offering meeting in Alexandria last year; but the regular Societies—Attarine, Sidi Bishr, Karmous Women and Karmous School each had a meeting. These meetings were planned by members of their groups—each had a special speaker and a very good program. The total offering amounted to more than that of any previous year. Then each Society had a committee which designated how their offering was to be used and a report of what each group had given and how used was made for each Society.

* * * * *

MINIA

The women of the Minia District are much interested in collecting the Thank Offering. This started about twelve years ago. There was no one free to help them at that time so the women took it upon themselves to work up the Thank Offering. Four of the women of the Minia Church started in and began to visit homes and talk of the Thank Offering. Some women said they could not attend the meeting in the church and so gave their envelopes to the women as they were visiting. This began to get the women more interested and they began to see which could collect the most. That year the offering jumped from a mere L. E. 8 of the preceding year to L. E. 25. The next year they asked to be permitted to do the work again and they had another increase. During all these years they have been keeping this up and have always been able to report an increase. This last year they collected L. E. 85 but gave the Minia Church building fund L. E. 25 of the amount. They are already beginning to plan for the ingathering for this coming spring.

* * * * *

THEBES

The Thebes Annual Thank Offering Meeting was held in the large new Church in Qoos this year with about twenty delegates and a large attendance of town people. Good talks were given on Christian Influence in the home, school, as a nurse and as a Bible Teacher by those who had had experience in these positions. The offering was about $635, which was $65 more than last year in spite of the very high cost of living. A nice dialogue was prepared and given by the young women of the Qoos Church with no outside help. It was a great day. We had a big dinner at the home of two of our graduates before the program began with about 25 at the table; everybody enjoyed the fellowship very much. We came home on the 8 P. M. train tired but happy.

MIDDLE EGYPT PRESBYTERY

The Middle Egypt Presbyterial Ingathering of Thank Offerings was held in the Fayoum this year. It had not been held there for several years because of the difficulty of travel. Even now those who came from a distance had to come the night before and stay over the next night. What a jolly crowd they were. Sleeping on the floor, on divans, or anyway they could didn't daunt them. They loved every minute of the time.

The theme was "O magnify the Lord", and we had the Arabic translation of the chorus, "Hallelujah! Praise Ye the Lord," printed on the program. It made a splendid theme song. The principle speaker in the morning was a lady from the Wasta church who was a teacher in our Mansoura school before her marriage. She has several small children and in order for her to be able to get away to attend the meeting her husband, who runs the buffet at the Railway Station, took them over to the buffet and kept them all over there. If you knew Egyptian men you would realize how amazing that was. Bless him. Her subject was "How We Can Magnify the Lord in Our Daily Lives." Weren't they really doing that themselves?

The pageant, "The Feast of Gratitude," by Mrs. O. H. Milligan was arranged and translated by the President of the Presbyterial, who is a graduate of our Fayoum School. The girls of the Fayoum School presented the pageant under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Wilson. The presentation of the Thank Offerings by the different societies was woven into the thought of the pageant. This was the largest offering Middle Egypt Presbyterial has ever had, L. E. 175. Since the Egyptian pound is worth Four Dollars that makes the offering amount to Seven Hundred Dollars.

After we had eaten our picnic lunch we reassembled for the afternoon session. The speaker was Miss McCrory on "How We Can Magnify the Lord in Our Societies." She made several suggestions for new projects for the societies to take up this next year. We hope there will be enthusiastic reports on the doing of the year at our next meeting.

TANTA

Thank Offering time is always a happy time, not only because it gives the thankful Christian an opportunity to express her thanks to the Lord in a concrete way, but because there is the promise of a special program for the occasion. Special programs are always popular with those who take part, and with those who observe, for it is a happy interlude in many an otherwise commonplace life.

In the Tanta church, the Thank Offering program was given to the Bible Training School to arrange. All entered into the planning and arrangement of each part. Those of the students who had no part in the pageant which was presented, were in the chorus. The teachers led in prayer and read the scripture portions. The theme, of course, was Thanksgiving, and song, story, scripture, and prayer, drew us all near to God in praise to Him for all His benefits to us.

THANK OFFERING BOXES

We are happy to announce that it is possible now to fill orders for Senior Thank Offering Boxes.

LIFE DIRECTORSHIP (1945 T. O.)
$300.00

12. Mrs. E. J. Graham—In Memoriam. By the Ann Judson Missionary Society of Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERSHIPS
(1946 T. O.)
$25.00 Each
From March 1, 1946 to April 1, 1946

8. Esther Jo Reynolds—In Memoriam. By her parents. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reynolds, Grove City, Pa.
9. Mrs. Walter E. Bell, Mount Vernon. Wash. By the Women's Missionary Society.

MISS IDA B. LITTLE, Young Women's Secretary
1503 Dormont Ave., Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

AIMS—A. A Circle or a Y.W. Society or both in every congregation.
B. Societies to support the WGMS materially and spiritually.
C. Y. W. Special Fund fully supported.

One dollar per member for those 20 years and over.
Fifty cents per member for those under 20 years.
Special Objects—(Amount asked, $8,000)
Permanent—Support of G.B.S., Pasrur, India
Annual—Salaries of Missionaries.

Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R.N., Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital, Henderson, N. C.
Miss Reth Johnstone, Presbyterial Worker, Tacoma, Wash.
Miss Mary E. Cole, Bible Women's Worker, Khartoum North, The Sudan.
Miss Pauline Gross, Matron, Frenchburg Dormitory.

NEW SOCIETIES

Monongahela Presbyterial — Noblestown Lanning and Beason Circle (T)—15 members. Pres. Lillian Frazee—Sponsors, Mrs. R. L. Lanning and Mrs. W. D. Stewart.

Butler Presbyterial — White Oak Springs Ruth Lobaugh Walker YWMS—8 members—Pres. Norma Jean Walker.

Cleveland Presbyterial — Liberty Judy Geiger Circle (T)—12 members—Sponsor — Miss Mary MacLellan.

A Y.W. RALLY

Monongahela Presbyterial

On March 15, at Mt. Lebanon Church, about sixty sat around a well-laden table and enjoyed delicious cookery. Officers of the Women's Missionary Society sponsored the dinner. Members of the Live Wire Bible Class prepared the "good things." The year-old Society of the Church served tables.

At intervals there was group singing, led by Sally Stewart, a popular song leader for conference groups.

A flannel board was used to illustrate the devotional service, pictures in the life of Christ by Miss Helen Piett, a member of the Child Evangelism Fellowship which goes into undeveloped areas to reach the children for Christ. It was an effective service.

The young women and girls were favored in having Mildred Cowan, recently returned from Egypt where she was a short term worker at Assiut College, as speaker. Just now she is serving in the ofice of Dr. Albert Kelley, head of the W.W.C.A.

Miss Cowan gave the story of her impressions of Egypt, the customs, a touch of church work, results of Christian education in a Moslem land. Her recital was illustrated by a display of curios, including miniatures of agricultural tools common to the farms of Egypt.

Mrs. A. A. Steinmiller, presbyterial Y.W. Secretary, is to be commended for her splendid planning. She presided very graciously during the evening. Perhaps her heart would have beat a bit faster if every society had been represented. This matter of attendance when opportunity comes should be considered seriously.

A STIRRER-UPPER

Is this combination of words allowable by our English teachers and

accredited dictionaries? We know somewhat its signification and are reminded of a biblical reference to the "eagle stirring up her nest". She had something in mind,—either to make it more comfortable for her eaglets, or to make them conscious of the near approach of their being thrust from the nest to navigate in the big cold world all on their own. Such reasons for stirring up the nest may be applicable to human society.

Has your missionary group been resting on its "oars", satisfied to go along in the same old way, even though there has been a loss in membership and no effort has been made to build it up? In such a case, a stirrer-upper might be a valuable addition to your society. A case comes to mind of an organization—not missionary—that was content to go along year after year without taking the trouble to look up another person as president. A new person came into the group and was named on the nominating committee. She reasoned that new leadership might be valuable, not that she discounted the ability of the incumbent. A new slate was made up. A new face was voted into leadership. This has occurred frequently through the years, and a great deal of new talent has been brought to light. New or different methods were adopted. Many who would have said, if approached to accept the office of president, that they could not render such a service! A stirrer-upper may thus make a present organization more enjoyable and workable, more inspiring.

If the stirrer-upper be tactful, she may be useful in helping the "strong-winged" ones to "leave the nest" the young ones having room to develop normally. The strong ones will find another place. This general system may be applied to the missionary society. The "nest" in each case is a missionary society. In the beginning years it is easy to pass from one group to another. The roots are not so deeply set. It is not so easy to change associations as one grows older. In such a case, a transfer of the whole society to the next grade in the department or to the next department is usually the happiest solution. Because of the ever advancing of childhood to youth, and youth to early and later adulthood, it is up to the individual to be a stirrer-upper in herself and find her logical place in the proper missionary organization. If we can keep in mind that the purpose of the stirring is not to discimmode anyone in any way, but to keep up with the ever insistent truth of growth and progress, all will be well.

Something else the stirrer-upper might do would be to "shake" Christian women, who will not be interested in Missions, out of their smug complacency. What if the early Christians had not shared the Good News farther and farther from Jerusalem, we might have been left in black darkness as many millions still are today. Yes, we all need to be stirred now and again that we may perform that which is fitting for the Christian.

LET US TRY

By MARGARET McCOWN HOOD*

Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord
Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.
Lam. 3:40-41

Although the word "try" in the first verse doubtless means to test, may we exercise poetic license and think of the word "try" in the sense of making an effort. In grammar, there is the active and passive voice. When the voice is passive, we say, "The ball was thrown," "The cake was baked," "The house was built," "The story was told." The subject is not the doer. There is an art in being a good listener, a good follower. If all persons were leaders, whom would there be to lead? A preacher prepares a sermon. It is for his congregation, and although the listeners are passive, they are vital to the

success of the sermon. A minister carefully and prayerfully prepared a magnificent address, pouring every ounce of his strength in its delivery. When he had finished, a woman came flippantly up to him and said, "That was a nice little talk you gave us." And the minister might have said to her, "Yes, and that was a nice little thimble you brought in which to take it home". If a radio sputters and snaps and the voice is not clear, it is not the fault of the speaker. The reception is poor—the radio is not attune.

In the active voice, the subject is the doer. "I threw the ball," "You baked the cake," "They built the house," "He told the story." In the verse, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only," the meaning is changed by the addition of the last word, "only". Not only must we *hear*, but we must *do*. To do is not always easy. And it is human nature to have to be taught. Animals know by instinct. Man has a highly developed brain which he spends his life further developing. Those who have already learned, expect to teach. Children joining church are given a period of training. If you make a dress, the pattern company has provided instructions, step by step. If your child begins algebra, he is not expected to do a problem in calculus—he merely learns "a plus b". But simple as it is, the main requisite is to *try*. And as we try, the maze of perplexities becomes clear and the knowledge is ours. Traveling in a car, a child saw a steep hill rising ahead and cried out, "Daddy, we'll never make it!" But as the hill was steadily eaten up by the car, the child said, "Why the hill just melted away —that was *easy*." *Can't* never did anything.

"I'd rather be a Could Be
If I could not be an Are,
For a Could Be is a May Be
With a chance of touching par.
"I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far,
For a Might Have Been has *never* been
But a Has was once an Are."

In a group of women with exceptional talent, it is easy to feel that you could not do so well as they, but the very act of trying brings to life hidden or dormant aptitudes. In undertaking a book review, a woman once said, "I just can't—it is too stupendous a task—the book is a masterpiece". But as she worked and studied, new vistas opened before her and the benefit to herself was so great that she was able to bring a great blessing to those who heard her. For trying helps the tryer.

The story of King Robert Bruce of Scotland is known to every school child—of how he had spent himself in repeated efforts to lead his soldiers to victory and after many failures, threw himself down in a lonely mood to think. He became conscious of a small spider that was hanging from a silken cobweb, far away from the ceiling dome where it wished to be. With breathless interest, King Bruce watched it make nine valiant efforts—and fail.

"But up the insect went once more,
Ah me, tis an anxious minute!
He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh say will he lose or win it?
"Steadily, steadily, inch by inch
Higher and higher he got
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into his native cot.
" 'Bravo, Bravo', the King cried out,
'All honor to those who try,
The spider up there defied despair,
He conquered, and why shouldn't I?' "

And when the king tried again, success was his.

"If you find your task is hard
Try again.
Time will bring you your reward
Try again.
All that other folks can do
Why with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view—
Try again."

The Bible verse says *Let us,* not I will, or you must but together, *Let us.* The words *Search,* and *Try* and *Lift* denote action on the part of the individual. And there will be help from those who know. You cannot try without effort. If you studied Caesar and Virgil with a "pony" translation, you got little from those classes, because you did not exert yourself. For the ordinary tasks, you have reference books, instruction sheets, help from those who have already learned. For Divine Guidance we *knock,* and it shall be opened; you must *seek,* and ye shall find; Be still and *know* that I am God. Jesus says, *"Follow Me".* You must lift up your eyes unto the hills.

If a new and difficult task is before an individual, he will never know whether success can be his, unless and until he tries.

"'I never can do it,' the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head;
'I know I should fail if I tried to fly.'
'Try', said the big kite, 'only try!
Or I fear you never will learn at all'
But the little kite said, 'I'm afraid I'll fall.'

"The big kite nodded: 'Ah well, goodbye
I'm off'; and he rose toward the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling, he shook himself free for flight.
First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
Up he rose, through the air alone.
Till the big kite looking down could see
The little one rising steadily.

"Then how the little kite thrilled with pride
As he sailed with the big kite, side by side!
While far below, he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving around.
They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and the clouds were there.
'Oh how happy I am,' the little kite cried,
'And all because I was brave, and tried.'"

Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens.

*—Daughter of Dr. E. C. McCown, pastor for many years of Mt. Lebanon U. P. Church—now pastor Emeritus.

COVER PICTURE: THORWALDSEN'S *Christos,* a statue that stands in the rotunda of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland. Photograph from Holmes E. Mettee Studio.

In Copenhagen stands the original famous statue by Thorwaldsen picturing in marble the Saviour extending the invitation "Come unto me." A scholar came from a distance to see the statue. He looked at it puzzled and disappointed. A child saw him and said: "You must go close to it, sir. You will have to kneel down and look up into the face." The stranger did as the child suggested and was rewarded with a view of the sculptured face of the Christ so melting in tenderness that his heart was greatly touched—Forward.

MRS EDGAR B. MURDOCH, Secretary, 4 Wilmont Ave., Washington, Pa.

HOME MISSIONS

It is hard when close ties, long established, between the Board and our mission workers must be broken after years of faithful service. Sometimes it is because the age of retirement is reached, sometimes personal reasons require it and sometimes impaired health necessitates a life of greater ease. Recently Miss Beth Johnstone left us because she is soon to be married and will enter a new and wider service with her husband. This month we regretfully announce the resignation of another of our well loved missionaries, Mrs. Catherine Lamb, who retires because of her physician's insistence that she must rest and lead a less strenous life. Those who have read her letters on these pages realize that there was little time for rest in her busy days. For nine years she has labored faithfully and fruitfully on the North Side Pittsburgh where she brought help and comfort to hundreds of the aged, sick and needy. She has helped solve the physical, moral and spiritual problems of old and young. Her path often led to police courts, relief organizations, ration boards or wherever it was necessary to go to help those seeking her aid. She also helped in the work of several of the churches in that section in their effort to reach those needing the church and the Gospel. We deeply regret the necessity of her leaving her work with us but pray that her health may speedily improve.

OUR RETIRED MISSIONARIES

We bring you news of two of our missionaries, retired after years of service under the Woman's Board, now living in California, Mrs. J. C. Alter and Miss Sallie Dickey both of whom are ill. Mrs. Alter, long associated with our work at Ezel, Kentucky, is suffering from severe arthritis and is being cared for in a nursing home in Berkeley. Miss Dickey, who served for a long time as a Presbyterial missionary and later as our field representative, visiting all parts of the church, suffered a broken vertebra in an accident several weeks ago. She writes that her "sentence" is eleven weeks in a cast and six more in a brace when she will be able to walk again. She is in the Huntington Memorial Hospital in Pasadena where she says she has the best of care and finds friendly church people among her fellow patients. These missionaries have given years of devoted service to our work and have friends in every part of the church whose hearts will go out to them in sympathy and who will be praying that they may be given sustaining grace during these hard days when they are laid aside from their former busy lives.

HOME LIGHTS

Activity At Ezel School

The different activity groups at Ezel School are sponsoring an "Activity Day" on April 19, 1946. For this occasion the student body has elected a Queen from the girls of the Junior Class. For the program of the day the first two grades will give songs and exercises and the upper grades excerpts from their coming opereta, "Jack and the Beanstalk". The high school dramatic, forensic and choral groups will present the balance of the program. Ezel School

will hold "open house" to all our friends that day.

Other activities on the calendar are:

Grade Operetta	May 10th
Senior Play	May 17th
Baccalaureate	May 19th
Commencement	May 22nd

CLOTHING SUPPLY EXHAUSTED

We have enough clothing on hand for one more sale in our Clothing department. Our friends have been very loyal in helping us meet this need again this year. We have been having between 250 to 350 people at our clothing sales lately. We are looking forward to your Spring Cleaning Shipments.

William A. Heagen

FRENCHBURG, KENTUCKY

We have just had a wonderfully fine time with the Rev. Ronald E. Boyer of Middletown as our spiritual leader in a week of meetings. There were eight decisions for Christ, three being our dormitory children. One other came forward at the request of the speaker, signifying his desire to some day become a Christian. We feel that this is a great step, and we pray that soon he will yield his life to the Lord. Rev. and Mrs. Boyer were here from Sabbath Day, March 10 to Friday, March 15. During his week here Rev. Mr. Boyer had the chapel service each day, and had countless interviews with students both at school and at the dormitory. The Word was preached with great power, and many souls were stirred to deeper Christian living. Rev. Boyer's kindly attitude and friendly manner won for him a great place in the hearts of our people. We can not forget the great part which Mrs. Boyer played in the success of this week, for she worked hand-in-hand with both her husband and with us during all of the week. Thanks again, Boyers, for sharing yourselves with us during this week!

We have been particularly busy at the hospital. During last week we had three appendectomies, and today we are having the fourth. While we were so very busy here we had to take the time to lend our doctor and two nurses to the hospital at Hazel Green to assist in an emergency operation there. During the past days we have had as many as thirteen patients at one time, while we have averaged eight patients. Where oh! where can we get more nurses? Surely within the bounds of the United Presbyterian Church there are nurses who are interested in doing Christian service as they minister to the healing of the body.

We are now looking forward to a three day recess which we call our Easter vacation. Most of the faculty members will remain on the campus, but are rejoicing at the respite from the long winter grind.

Our need for used clothing is as great as ever. Please do not wait until fall to send the boxes if you can get them together now. We shall stay open as long as we can, and thanks for your loyal support thus far. Again we say a big "Thank You".

Harry L. Cowden

SLOVAN, PA.

The attendance in our Sabbath School has been more regular since the first of the year and the number in our beginners class is growing since the weather is warmer. We have offered prizes for perfect attendance and are reading the New Testament. When a book has been completed the star on our attendance record turns to gold, some have four gold stars and a number have two. I believe the most of the pupils are reading as they tell me what chapter they are reading. We also have a leper "Pete" bank and are saving our birthday pennies for the lepers. One of the ladies made us a paper birthday cake and we light the candle and sing "Happy birthday" while the pennies are being dropped.

I have contacted several new families where there are children for the cradle roll, in each case the mother said we could have them until they are six, when they can change to the Catholic school. Please pray that we will make good use of our time "until they are six". One mother, a Protestant, said her little three year old would have to be a Catholic because she was baptized in the Catholic church.

During the month we held 4 Sabbath School services, three worship services, 4 juniors, 4 prayermeetings and made 26 calls.

Mrs. R. G. Russell.

WESTLAND, PA.

Every once in a while we have a gala occasion. We had one recently. It was a "Welcome Home" Dinner for our young people who have returned from the Service. So many times in the past few years we have prayed for their safe return; we have had services of various types when we lighted candles for them and remembered them in prayer. And now we are returning thanks to our Heavenly Father for their safe return, and we wanted to say to them "Welcome Home", so we had a dinner for them. The decorations were red, white, and blue. The food was good and plentiful. The program included group singing, special music, a reading, and a message by Rev. Fred W. McClellan, of West Middletown. The members of our two Missionary Societies prepared the dinner, and the young people served the tables.

We have a new piece of equipment for which we are grateful to kind friends, a "Speedoprint." It is already proving its worth and I am sure it will be a real aid in the work. My kitchen-dining room is now also a printing room on occasion!

The Manse pro-tem is playing its part in the work of the Mission. One week, just for fun, I kept track of the number who came in, big and little folks, and there were fifty-six. Some to play, some to talk, some with problems, some for a Bible class, or a committee meeting.

During the fall and winter we have had as our preachers Rev. Fred W. McClellan, Rev. James B. Orth, and Rev. Robert Mulholland. We have enjoyed these ministers and appreciate their taking the time to come when they are so busy with their own churches. Beginning the first Sabbath in April Dr. Guy Wallace, who is the new pastor of the Hickory Church, will also serve as our pastor. May he prove a blessing to our people.

—Dorothy E. Parkingoton

NORTH SIDE

We have had a goodly supply of canned goods to distribute this month; and some very good used clothing for some of the young people. Since the days of overtime are past most of our people are not getting very much and many are out of work entirely on account of strikes at other places. We have been pleased to see our Sabbath school and church attendance increasing every week. In these days when morals seem to be at such a low ebb it is good to see so many coming to church and hear how really concerned they are about what is happening.

During the month I had the privilege of speaking to a sociology class at one of our High Schools and later to the Senior Chapel at Westminster College and was so thrilled to find how concerned the young people are about so many of the things that have worried me for a long time. This was especially true in the High School where many of the young people live in the midst of conditions that are far from good and where they see what is wrong and definitely are resolved to do something about it. Some of them have already organized a Youth Club to provide decent recreation in a district that badly needs it. They are soliciting the support of all the Protestant

churches in the district and are quite pleased with the response.

—*Catharine Lamb*

A NEW NAME

Mrs. Mary Cianco writes: "We of the *Hamilton Ave., United Presbyterian Church,* formerly known as the Second Italian Church of Pittsburgh, close the year with a new name and with many other beneficial goals to work for in the future. It is difficult to measure how much good has been done by our church, but we know it has been an influence for much good in the community. We have sown the seed of Christianity and we have God's promise that His word will not return unto Him void."

We welcome an old friend under a new name. In the future the pages of the Home Mission Department of the Magazine will record the activities of the Hamilton Avenue Church, rather than the old Second Italian Church, as Mrs. Ciancio writes us from month to month.

LONG BEACH

Miss Ruth Findley sends in her yearly report and in a note to the Secretary tells of her busy days with all her Bible Clubs and the rehearsals for the Easter service. They are hoping that the new church may be under roof so they may hold the Bible school service, at least, in the church. She has spoken several places where requested and served on a Presbyterial Commiftee, so she, like all our other missionaries, finds her days filled to the brim with many activities.

KENYA

(Continued from Page 536)

and leave her little girl, especially the time she was being sent to the village some distance away to try to benefit from the waters of hot springs in that vicinity.

But the Mother's condition grew worse and as she passed through Addis Ababa enroute to Dessie where her husband's work had taken him, she could not bear to leave her little daughter behind. In spite of our protest, Kenya was taken from school. The mother was cautioned and instructed how to protect her child, but all this was so new to her that she seemed bewildered as she listened to our warnings and pleadings for the sake of her child. Too weak even to lift the small bundle of Kenya's clothing into the two wheeled "gharry" which was to take them to the truck and the next stage of their journey to Dessie, Mother and daughter waved goodbye to us just before Christmas last year. Word came later that the mother had passed away soon after they reached their new home.

What is to become of little Kenya and many, many others who lack the care our Christian schools and Christian hospitals only can give them? When we see the care given our little ones here in America we begin to question why we haven't been more concerned for our African neighbor's children. The appeal for Christian nurses cannot be made too strong for there is a crying need for scores of such workers. Tuberculosis takes its toll of thousands every year as do typhus and small pox and other diseases in Ethiopia. With the establishing of clinics and systematic home visiting of nursing staffs we can soon effect a change in Ethiopia that will give her little ones a chance to grow into manhood and womanhood physically strong and spiritually tuned to the Saviour's mesage for them.

Negro Missions

"And He made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the ear

MRS. H. RAY SHEAR, Secretary, 206 Inglewood Drive, Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

MRS. HELEN L. AUHORN

Among the missionaries whom the United Presbyterian Church has employed in our Missions to the Negro, Helen Lawson Authorn was outstanding for her usefulness, faithfulness and consecration to the task she accepted in the service of her Lord.

She was a native of Pennsylvania. Born at Foxburg, Armstrong County, Pa. Early in childhood the family moved to Franklin, Pa., where she was educated in the public schools. Graduating from Franklin High School in 1905, she pursued post graduate studies in the same school. She was a woman of many talents. Mrs. Auhorn had musical talent. Her mother was her first teacher. Then she studied music at Oberlin College and Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa., and took violin lessons under competent teachers. She also took a business course at the Miller Night school in Franklin, Pa. In all of these fields she was a competent teacher. She was an untiring student through out her life. Last summer she spent ten weeks in Summer School after a strenuous year's work.

Mrs. Auhorn entered upon her work on our Mission field in 1911 at Miller's Ferry, where she worked for twenty-eight years or more. During this time she met and married Prof. J. T. Auhorn who was also a teacher in the Mission. Probably it was the fact that he too was a Pennsylvanian that brought them together, with common interests in Christian education for Negroes. She began as a music teacher but it soon become known that she was proficient as an office woman and she was asked to take the office work with her music. Thus she worked under four principals, the late Dr. C. H. Johnson, Rev. I. H. Bonner, the late Prof. Simpson and Prof. N. D. Williams. Mrs. Auhorn loved her work. She refused opportunities to enter Civil Service positions which would have paid more with less work, because she preferred the type of work she was doing at Miller's Ferry.

She was a faithful worker. Prof. N. D. Williams says of her faithfulness: "When there was extra work to be done and extra burdens to be carried and no one willing to go, she said, "Here am I, send me." He also tells this story of her acceptability as a teacher: She was teacher of a Sabbath School Class one year. The children were so impressed by her devotion to the class that they asked that Mrs. Auhorn be made their permanent teacher through their course in high school. The request was granted and she taught that class through every grade to their graduation."

She gave up her work at Miller's Ferry nearly two years ago because of needed rest and went to be with her husband at Arlington Mission, Annemanie, Ala. Prof. W. R. Sutton Principal. Finding the need so great in that field, she could not resist the temptation to help. Whole heartedly she entered into the work of this new field. Her deep interest in the work caused her to forget her own bodily need for the rest she went there to take. After a short illness, she went to her heavenly reward on March

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MRS. ARTHUR B. BcBRIDE, Secretary, 847 Thorn St., Sewickley, Pa.

REMEDY FOR AN OLD INJUSTICE

Congress will soon have the opportunity of righting an ancient wrong that has weighed heavily upon the American conscience.

Debate on the Indian Claims Commission Bill, HR-4497, is scheduled to take place as soon as arguments are arranged and the House membership has been canvassed to improve chances for prompt passage.

This bill sets up a commission of ten to settle all Indian claims within ten years, requiring that all claims be filed in the first five years of that period.

Its provisions raise the hope that the many injustices inflicted upon the Indians by dispossession and failures to meet promises of recompense, will at last be equitably liquidated.

The government's treatment of the Indian has been nothing less than shameful.

Driven from their homes and lands, promised payment for them, only to be afterwards brusquely ignored and denied, the Indian has had every reason to consider himself the victim of ruthless aggression and despoilation, and in many cases of downright persecution.

The record in terms of monetary value alone, is definitely shameful.

Fortunately, an awakened section of the American people is actively supporting the plan, embodied in HR-4497, which would assist in adjusting a long standing and deplorable wrong.

The National Congress of American Indians and the American Indian Veterans, whose battle annals in the defense of our country is second to none, are assured every aid in effecting enactment of the new law.

The House must recognize the merits of the case, create its commission, and open the doors to all proper claims.

The government of the United States must apply at home the remedies it advocates abroad for foreign people who have lost their properties to armed aggression or political pressure.

This must be done, not only for the sake of the Indian, but for the sake of our own conscience and self-respect.

Editorial—*Pgh. Sun-Telegraph*

HONOR FOR INDIAN HEROISM

The story of the Indians' contribution to the winning of the war has been told only in part in a Memorial Number of "Indians At Work." As one of the Sioux boys says: "As a rule nowadays the fellows don't go in for heroics." But already the record is impressive. In the spring of 1945 there were over 24,500 Indians in service in the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, and Marines, and these figures do not include officers and the several hundred women.

The Indian people at home have matched the record of their fighting men; more than forty thousand left the reservations to take jobs in war industries. The Indians invested more than $17,000,000 of restricted funds in war bonds and their individual purchases probably amounted to twice that sum.

We shall never know of all the courageous acts performed "with utter disregard for personal safety,

(Continued on Page 571)

MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, 847 Thorn St., Sewickley, Pa.

A WORD OF GREETING

Before too many months I shall be able to send you a message of missionary work in Ethiopia, but I don't have to wait until I get to that country before I can give you the heart of that message. I have this already, and it is that the Lord Jesus Christ,

Miss Hazel J. McGeary

the Son of God, shed His blood on the cross of Calvary that sinners might be saved for eternity. When I try to realize what this means to me, I have no doubts nor fears for the days ahead.

I feel totally unworthy of His calling, and could not go if it were not for the fact that I *know* He has called me. I covet your prayers during these days of preparation and on through the years of service ahead, that my ministry might be a means in the hands of the Holy Spirit to bring the unsaved to "Him who loved us and gave Himself for us."

I know not what lies ahead, but I have the comfort of His promise, "And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee, He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed."

(Signed) *Hazel J. McGeary*

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

When the S. S. Vulcania put out to sea it carried some of our ambassadors to Ethiopia and The Sudan.—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Russell and a little junior missionary, seven-year-old Dorothy Russell, and Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N., who goes back with the renewed love and prayers of the Juniors of our Church who claim her as their own missionary.

The last word from Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., was that she had passage on the "S. S. Lea Cardinal," sailing about March 16 from Calcutta, India. This ship is under the Isthmian S. S. Line and will land in a southern port, probably New Orleans or Savannah. We are glad she has recovered sufficiently to sail, and pray that she may be fully restored for her work at Sialkot Hospital where she is sorely needed.

* * * * *

For all these messengers and three awaiting sailing, or perhaps on the ocean now, we pray travelling mercies may be theirs from Him "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand," and commands the winds and the waves.

THE SUDAN ON A NEW PATH

Word has been received that Miss Ray Huffman of Nasir had been assigned to work six to ten hours weekly in the clinic and spend the rest of the time in evangelistic work among the women. "To say that we are thrilled is to express it very mildly. For over 21 years we have been dosing pagans with pills, etc., the privilege of conducting the half-hour service every day compensating for the undesirable features of the work. Four doctors have come and gone and now a fifth is in charge, but we have never had any idea of relinquishing our clinic work as long as we have the strength to do it, but since we first accompanied Bayiak out to the villages last December, we have had but one consuming thought and that was to promote our evangelistic work among the women in Nuerland. So when Dr. Mary Smith returns, we shall dash into the clinic at 6:00 A. M. or before and at 8:00 A. M. be ready to start to the villages with Bayiak or Nhiel. A nurse at Nasir is an essential, but the privilege of giving the message, not only once but twenty times a day, lures me into this new path. We feel that this is our call to go over into Macedonia.

IS HE CALLING YOU?

In her letter from Omdurman, Miss Mary Jane McKnight tells of plans for advance made by the committee at Association Meeting. "We are going to be terribly disappointed if new workers are not forthcoming. We want two women who are interested in district evangelistic work in the homes, which we call Bible women's work. One of them should arrive by August, 1947. We agreed to take over the Girls' School at Atbara in August, 1947 and we must have an experienced educationalist, who may be on short term (3 years) and not expected to study Arabic.

"We are also asking for an experienced teacher for Doleib Hill for full-time service; also one to train kindergarten and primary grade teachers, who would spend most of her time in Khartoum North School. We want a short-termer, either man or woman, for the new Training School, the Y.P.C.U. Special. We also need a short-term office worker, and as fast as we can get them about a dozen ordained men, and nurses and teachers for both north and south.

"There are just as many consecrated young people in our Church as in any other and surely the money is available to send them out. Let's all get behind this and really do something for The Sudan and its splendid black people in the next ten years, beginning now to pray more than ever before for those who are carrying on and that the Lord will thrust forth laborers."

"THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE ROW"

Mr. E. F. Aglen, District Commissioner Fasher and formerly stationed at Nasir, the home of the late Miss Blanche Soule, has written this letter to the editor of the "Sudan Star." "As a footnote to the appreciation of the late Miss Blanche Soule which appeared recently in your paper I should like to record two incidents which will help to illustrate the courage, both moral and physical, of this frail looking old lady and the immense reputation she had among the Eastern Nuer.

Stopped Spear Fight

"One afternoon a message reached Miss Soule that two young men were about to have a fight with spears not far from the mission compound. Without a momen's hesitation and quite unarmed, Miss Soule went to the scene. What she said has not been recorded but it must have been the Nuer equivalent of the London policeman's 'you can't do that there 'ere.' The result was that two large but chastened Nuer bloods were led off to Miss Soule's house and locked in separate rooms until they agreed

to call the fight off permanently.

Saved a Baby

The other incident shows Miss Soule in a different role. A Nuer woman far from Nasir gave birth prematurely to a baby boy, and died. It was the middle of the rainy season when Nasir is cut off from the surrounding country by extensive swamps. The father who had previously not had anything to do with the Mission but had heard of Miss Soule's skill, carried the baby on his head at express speed, the 70 miles to the American Mission and confidently brought his four-pound burden to Miss Soule. She did not fail him and when I left Nasir young Gaac (pronounced Guy) was a lively member of the orphanage.

A Welcome Awaited

"In conclusion I should like to say how much I appreciated Miss Soule's generous hospitality while I was stationed at Nasir. One was always welcome at the 'house at the end of the row.' and it was most stimulating after a long and lonely trek to drop in to chat or argue, for Miss Soule had strong convictions and was vigorous in their defense, and to enjoy a cup of tea and some American delicacy."

ETHIOPIA
BACK IN GOREI

After an eighty-day journey in a truck, one of a fleet owned by a Greek, Mrs. Nessie F. Pollock reached Gorei. "There were four trucks in the fleet, so that if one got into difficulty, the others could help out. The road from Addis Ababa to Jimma was tolerable, but after Jimma there was a very bad stretch of forty miles, stony, badly washed and rutted. The bridges were mostly too weak to take a truck, one little bridge we negotiated safely (I was on a ten-ton truck) but the following truck of the same weight sank right through the bridge and it took over two hours to unload it and get it out again. Mostly they went through the rivers; fortunately the water was very low.

"I must say I enjoy the trek better on the Mission truck than with these others. The natives all like to sleep nights right in the villages and usually there is a lack of wood and water and a plethora of people and ticks, fleas, etc. It was a great convenience to have my tent to sleep in instead of seeking shelter in a native house.

"I have been cleaning up the house and clearing away the effect of the white ants' onslaught on the woodwork. I am hoping to open the clinic in two weeks. Since the Henrys are coming soon I am getting the house arranged for them; much of their household stuff came on the same trucks with me. I am taking over the biggest room in the building that was formerly the Church room until the Henrys come and we decide whether it is wiser to build for a clinic and a house for me or whether I should use the "upper property." I shall open the clinic in the room where I had it before, the people are coming each day begging for medicines. There is a government clinic here but they are out of medicine temporarily. I ordered from the medical stores in Addis Ababa, and I am hoping that at least part of the price paid for them will be paid when I start the clinic.

"The food problem is more acute than a year ago. I have written the Henrys to bring supplies with them —flour, sugar and such staples as well as candles, kerosene, etc. But there were lots of onions and corn before; now one small onion costs 5 centimes (about treble the former price); milk is 40 cents American for about 3½ quarts—that is expensive for here.

"The country is in a fantastic stage of transition and it is curious what an upheaval a change of money involves. Sickness is prevalent and the poor generally uncared for. In my case absence seems to have made the heart grow fonder, because there

have been no hindrances as of two years ago, but rather the coming of people in a constant stream to welcome me back and requesting that the clinic be opened. Let us pray that now there may be some reaping done as well as further sowing of the Word."

MEETINGS IN ASSIUT, EGYPT

The 76th Annual Meeting of the American Mission in Egypt convened in Assiut, December 29, 1945, with Miss Nellie C. Smith, president, and Dr. E. M. Bailey, secretary. Many plans were made and committees appointed to carry out suggestions and to study ways and means.

The special committee on Fowler Children's Home (formerly called Fowler Orphanage) presented a plan for the wider use of the Mission property, as the Home occupies only a small portion of the area. With increased opportunities in Cairo, the Mission is studying plans for a Women's Work Center, as well as the Home, and residence accommodations for missionaries and Bible Women.

There is great need for additional space for housing the staff of the Girls' College in Cairo; and the building of an additional floor above the Day Dining Room seems imperative, as soon as materials can be obtained at reasonable cost.

The Commitee on Education reported that the Mission Schools in general are being encouraged by the continued loyalty of their Egyptian staffs in the face of serious financial difficulties caused by the present high cost of living and the tempting high salaries elsewhere. The training and proper support of teachers, maintenance and needed improvements, consideration of new courses and changes to meet he demands of the times called for serious consideration by the Mission. The report of our Daily Vacation Bible Schools was most gratifying; by Assiut College, sixty-two schools were conducted; by P.M.I., 11 schools; by Luxor, 2 schools, with 141 volunteer workers and 1, 814 pupils in atendance.

In these days of peace it is time to consider the needs of the hospitals of Tanta and Assiut. Dr. Emile Saigh of Tanta Hospital, at present the only physician there, deserves thanks and commendation for his faithful, loyal service. The expected return of Dr. Chas. A. Laughead soon makes possible the much needed furlough of Dr. Frank C. McClanahan. But this eases the situation only a little for the present; there is the minimum need for at least five doctors for both hospitals.

The 1945 World Day of Prayer was observed in nine Mission Districts in 70 groups with a total of 3,445. The annual Thank Offering meetings were held in five Presbyteries and the offering was L.E. 1308.271. Forty-seven Bible Women have visited 7,211 pupils this year. The topics for use by the Women's Missionary Societies are being published in the "Huda" each month.

The Reading Room in Cairo continues to be well used. The Literature Committee has recently been able to secure an army ambulance to be adapted as a "Bookmobile" and used in visiting village libraries. The Junior Special gift is to be used in the purchase of children's literature in America to serve as a basic library to simulate production of similar books in Arabic and as a source of material for translation. Miss Davida M. Finney was able to organize two committees in Pittsburgh, one of pastors and one of women to help in securing basic material in English.

Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap and the Misses Alice Grimes, Carol E. McMillan, Venna R. Patterson, Frances Patton and Helen M. Walker are due for furlough in 1946.

Some necessary changes in assignment were made: Miss Lucia Dwight to evangelistic work for women in city and district in Mansura; Mrs. Rachel T. Seiver to Girls' School in Mansura and also the evangelistic work for women until Miss Dwight's

arrival; Mrs. W. B. Jamison to evangelistic work in Tanta District and Miss Laura Wright in the city of Tanta; Miss Leota Cabeen to Benha to have charge of the Girls' School; Miss Louise N. Williamson to Cairo and become a member of the administrative committee of Girls' College while continuing her Arabic study; Miss Nellie V. Hill to become Educational Director of the Nurses' Training School of Assiut Hospital after Miss Helen R. Brownlee's return to resume her duties as Superintendent of Nurses, carried by Miss Hill in Miss Brownlee's absence; Miss Lucy Lightowler to return to Cairo in charge of the Fowler Children's Home; Miss Jane C. Smith, upon Miss Lightowler's return to the Home to continue association with her in the Home and also continue in the Huseniya Welfare Clinic; Miss Martha A. Roy to Luxor with special work in church and school music for the present, looking to a larger ministry of music later; Miss Helen J. Noordeweir to evangelistic work in the Fayoum after the summer; Miss Ida Whiteside to go to Girls' School in Beni Suef; Miss Mary C. Thompson to study in Cairo upon her return, and then go to Tanta Girls' School; Miss Lucille B. Nichols to become a member of the Hospital Committee of Management and Superintendent of Nurses of Tanta Hospital; and that Dr. Mary L. Thompson be Chairman of the Administrative Committee of the Pressly Memorial Institute.

The Committee on Temperance and Social Reform report a total of 157,600 pages of literature printed and 745 meetings held during the year, reaching 245,000 people. The committee urges the organization of local W.C.T.U. societies in various Christian communities as a valuable agency; also the use of slides and film strips.

The closing devotional service was conducted by Rev. F. D. Henderson, to whom the Mission voiced sincere appreciation in recognition of his forty years of service as a member of the Mission in Egypt.

The Summer Association meeting is to be held at Sidi Bishr July 3, 1946.

A PILOT'S PRAYER

The following is the prayer of a young bomber pilot who had done his full share of duty over enemy territory:

"We realize, our God, that in these lands only the missionaries have the foundation on which peace can be won and built. We pray, our God, strengthen their hearts and their hands. But above all, fire our home churches with zeal and earnest effort to realize and to preach that Jesus Christ and His love are the only foundations of peace which are eternal."

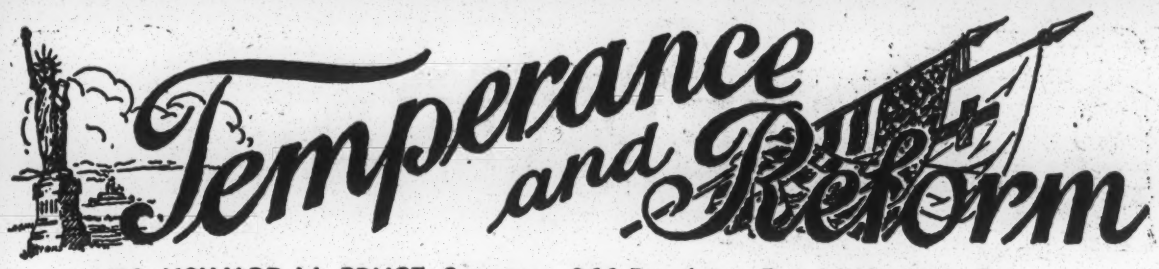
MRS. HELEN L. AUHORN

(Continued from Page 562)

8th, having victoriously finished the task her Lord had given her to do. Her culture, fine Christian spirit, gentle nature and genial social attitude, endeared her to students, fellow teachers and people of all classes. In the words of Prof. N. D. Williams: "There has never been a better worker or a more consecrated life in our Misison work. Her life was always an inspiration to others."

It was her request that her funeral be held at Miller's Ferry, where her church membership was, and that her body be laid to rest in the Miller's Ferry cemetery overlooking the scenes of her labors. Her influence will be felt in the Mission field for many years.

Rev. D. F. White



MRS. HOWARD M. BRUCE, Secretary, 966 Broadway, East McKeesport, Pa.

YOUR CHILD AT THE DIAL

Helen Hewitt Green

Comparatively few people do their own thinking. The masses geserally take their daily thought in small portions at the suggestion of headlines, the comic section, talking pictures, *radio*, or the damagogue, much as the infant takes its spinach and its orange juice from a spoon in its mother's hand. The result is a standardization of behavior in both young and old, which manifests itself in epidemics of lawlessness all the way from kidnapping and murder to shooting rabbits out of season and rockets on the Fourth of July. We find it in popular flares of fashion for milady, covering a wide range from topless gown to toeless shoe.

There may be little actual harm in this American tendency to "absorb ideas rather than work them out by the thinking process," as one prominent writer has expressed it, but it closes the door conclusively on anything like a deepening of the illectual life of the nation, unless these agents of standardization can be improved.

"Until WE as parents, as leaders, and as educators, make the people realize that they are dealing with a power of education," declare an eminent Washington clergyman, "I do not see any possibility of geting at the heart of the problem. Until we begin to consider *radio* much as we consider other things," he continues, "as a public utility, osly on a basis of education,—putting it on the same basis as the public school and demanding the same criterion of worth and curriculum,—we are not going to reach the possibilities of *radio*, nor are we going to control the cultural environment which our *radio* creates."

Drinking scenes on the silver screen, and drinking songs on the air wave, may be nothing more serious than questionable entertainment to an adult audience, but to the children they are potential education. The danger in the situation lies in the fact that there is no provision by which youth may differentiate between license, or social abnormalities, and the niceties of correct bebavior. The adult possesses the measuringstick of experience, but to the child, until he is disillusioned, everything is exactly as good, or as beautiful as it seems.

What, then, is our procedure? Undoubtedly *radio* is a beneficent thing; it is probably the greatest aid to the furtherance of education and culture which has yet been added to man's equipment, or it may become so.

Radio comes so easily into the sacred precincts of the Home, being there sometimes when even the parents are not! It brings such illuminating contact with the good and great, such intimate relationship with things sinister and tragic, such a welter of blood and crime and passion for adventure, and it spreads its emotional feast so impartially for youth and age! But alas! there is no device for warning their elders that it is time to send the children from the room, and there is no alternative in dialing which can be depended on.

Indiscriminate dialing is no wiser for the child than indiscriminate reading of the daily papers, or undirected personal choosing of his diet.

By MRS WALTER H. HOLT, Secretary, 904 Publication Building, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

NEW BOOKS

"To be able to serve, one must know"

HOME—

Portrait of a Pilgrim — (Adult Study)—by Buell Gallagher.

Cloth $1.00 Paper $ .60

"Through a layman's challenge to a pastor to prove statements made in a Race Relations Sunday sermon the author traces the problems and some of the solutions that are being developed. The Reverend Timothy Dwight O'Hara travels from one end of the country to the other, and his letters, articles and speeches as assembled here make a highly readable book on American Christianity and racial issues."

And TWO of the folowing pamphlets—(Girls' Circles and Adults) (Paper $ .25 each).

Seeking to be Christian in Race Relations—by Benjamin E. Mays.

"This author helps the reader to check his religious beliefs and to see how he can become Christian in his relationships with all races."

Sense and Nonsense About Race—by Ethel J. Alpenfels.

"An anthropologist answers questions about race frequently asked in youth groups."

Know—Then Act—by Margaret C. McCulloch.

"This pamphlet interprets race relations and describes types of effective action. Any concerned Christian can find here hints for things he can do."

FOREIGN—

India At the Threshold—by L. Winifred Bryce (Adult Study)

Cloth $1.00 Paper $ .60

"The author gives us a picture of India today—its labor, health, women and youth movements. She traces the Christian influence and accomplishments and forecasts the developments to come in the new India."

Our Country is India—(Girls' Circles and Adults)—by young Indians and their leaders. Compiled by Rebeca Wells Loeffler.

Cloth $1.00 Paper $ .60

"This interesting book interprets the thinking of modern Indian youth and presents striking accounts of action on the part of youth groups deeply concerned about meeting present needs and building a new India."

Tales From India—(Younger Teen Age)—by Basil Matthews.

Paper $ .50.

"Pictures, graphs, and maps illustrate the story of life in India. An attractive pamphlet for use by all age groups.

Revised Standard Version of the New Testament. $2.00

The "new book" requires no comment.

Jesus the Man of Prayer—by John Henry Strong—A splendid book of inspiration for everyday use. $1.35

BIOGRAPHICAL OR OTHER TYPE BOOK—

God Runs My Business—(Story of R. G. LeTourneau)—by Albert W. Lorimer—The remarkable story of "God's Business Man." $1.25

Great American Negroes—by Ben Richardson—Short sketches of well-known Negroes and their contributions to the fields of music, drama, science, religion and art. $2.50

Any THREE of the following bio-

graphical stories—
(Paper $ .10 each)
The Man Who Disappeared..... (Sundar Singh)
Unarmed Among Outlaws..... (Theodore Pennell)
Temperature 126!..... (Henry Martyn)
Young Man—Sit Down..... (William Carey)
Elizabeth Undaunted..... (Elizabeth Newman)

These are Eagle Books, so popular last year, so these need no comment.

A few new and timely pamphlets of general interest for $ .25 each are:

The Return to Japan—Report of the Christian Deputation to Japan, 1945.

Messages from Europe—by Yope Bartels and Philippe Maury.

For a Literate West Africa—by Margaret Wrong.

The Chinese Church Rides the Storm—by R. Orlando Jolliffe.

Faith Triumphant in the Philippines—by E. K. Higdon.

INDIAN MISSIONS

(Continued from Page 563)

but the proud devotion of all Indian peoples on the home front and the conspicuous courage of their sons and daughters in the various services entitle them to share in common the honors bestowed upon them.

"One of the last stories written by the late Ernie Pyle was about the Indians of the First Marine Division in Okinawa. He told of a number of Navajo Indians in communications: When secret orders had to be given over the 'phone these boys gave them to one another in Navajo. Practically nobody in the world understands Navajo except another Navajo."

In telling of the Navajo Code "Talkers," another writer, states: "Except for the Navajos themselves, only a handful of Americans speak the language. One of the reasons which prompted the Marine Corps to adopt Navajo in preference to a variety of Indian tongues as used by the A.E.F. in the last war, was a report that Navajos were the only Indian group in the United States not infested with German students during the 20 years prior to 1941, when the Germans had been studying tribal dialects under the guise of art students, anthropologists, etc."

High credit should go to the Indian for an outstanding part in our victory. He has left the land he has known all his life and has had to travel to strange places where people often do not understand him and his way of living. It is an adjustment more difficult for him than for the white man.

The casualty lists are long; they come from theatres of war all over the world. Those who died for their country "stand in the unbroken line of patriots who have dared to die that freedom might live, and grow and increase its blessings. Freedom lives and through it, they live—in a way that humbles the undertaking of most men."

It is a sad reflection on the character of a nation which has spent endless treasure and its best blood in fighting two world wars to affirm and uphold the principles of democracy, social justice and the brotherhood of man.

WHO'S WHO AMONG OUR WRITERS

The Reverend James Ferguson, D.D. Moderator of the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church of North America and Pastor of the Bellevue Church, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Paul M. Haas, Youngstown, Ohio. Formerly Secretary of Junior Work in the Board of Directors of the W.G.M.S.

Mrs. A. J. Randles, Youngstown, Ohio. Formerly Secretary of Literature and later Secretary of Foreign Missions of the Board of Directors of the W.G.M.S.

Jane Ellen Ball of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was Director of Cinemobile and Mobile Recreation for the American Red Cross in German Occupied Territory.

Marguerite Mainssonnet Owens, Assistant Professor of French at Pennsylvania College for Women in Pittsburgh, has been an educator in the schools of both France and the United States.

Mrs. Charles Wright Fulton, Secretary of Junior Work of the Board of Directors of the Women's General Missionary Society.

Captain James Shear, son of Dr. and Mrs. H. Ray Shear recently separated from military service. Now Instructor in Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa.

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Weir, A missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church on furlough in Beaver Falls, Pa.

Miss Florence Gordon, Assistant Secretary of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America.

The Reverend J. W. Wieranga, a missionary to India, Reformed Church in America.

Miss Theresa Brownlee, Missionary to India. On furlough.

Miss Martha A. Roy, Missionary to Egypt. On furlough. Now taking Post Graduate work in New York City.

Miss Frances Turk, R.N. Missionary to the North Sudan, Khartoum North. On furlough.

Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N. Missionary to the South Sudan, located temporarily in Khartoum North, in the North Sudan.

Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker. Missionary to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. On furlough, Conoquenessing, Pennsylvania.

The Reverend Raymond B. Drukker, D.D. Director of the Annville, Kentucky Mission of the Reformed Church in America.

Mrs. Jennie Cantland Callister. Until recently a Secretary of the Home Missions Council of North America.

Miss Helen Noordewier, Missionary, Luxor, Egypt. During prolonged furlough, a worker in the Indian Mission, Warm Springs, Oregon.

Mrs. D. F. White, wife of the minister at Camden, Alabama.

Mrs. S. B. Copeland, wife of the Synodical Superintendent of Pittsburgh Synod, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Miss Minnehaha Finney, retired missionary after spending forty-five years in service in Egypt.

Board Secretaries—

CALL TO PRAYER

For Members, Missionaries, and Friends of the W.G.M.S.

June 17, 1946

IN THE U.S.		OVERSEAS	
12:30	Eastern	India	9:30 P.M.
11:30	Central	Egypt	6:30 P.M.
10:30	Mountain	Sudan	6:30 P.M.
9:30	Pacific	Ethiopia	6:30 P.M.

13th Annual "Prayer Around the World"

"And when they were come in, they went up into an upper room,—These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren." Acts 1:13,14.

Tributes

Miss Mary McGowan

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Rock Prairie United Presbyterian Church wishes to pay a loving tribute to the memory of Miss Mary McGowan who passed to her eternal reward Jan. 29, 1946, at the age of ninety years.

She was a willing and devoted worker in the church and teacher in the Sabbath School for many years.

She was also a life member of the Missionary Society.

Her influence will continue to live in the hearts and lives of those who have known her.

"Be thou faithful unto death and
I will give thee a crown of life."

Committee.

Mrs. Winifred Ewing Johnston
Miss Mary Johnston

The Missionary Societies of The First United Presbyterian Church of Long Beach, California, wish to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Winifred Ewing Johnston, who was called home Dec. 21, 1945.

And to her daughter, Mary, who joined loved ones in the Heavenly Home Feb. 9, 1946.

The Rev. Mr. S. Dell Johnston organized the First United Presbyterian Church of Long Beach in March 1905. And with Mrs. Johnston's untiring efforts the church and parsonage were built, and the congregation under their guidance became a happy church home. Rev. Johnston passed away in March 1915. And Mrs. Johnston showed the most marvelous faith and courage, caring for her four little daughters, and later for her aged mother, Mary Ewing.

Her sincerity, essential goodness and kindness, the harmony between her faith and conduct, warmed and uplifted the lives of all with whom she came in contact. Sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

Committee

Mrs. Clarabel Allison

Mrs. Allison was called to her Eternal Home, Jan. 7, 1946.

Mrs. Allison was a member of long standing of the First United Presbyterian Church of Aliquippa, Pa. She served faithfully as a teacher in the Sabbath School for many years, and at the time of her death, was the teacher of a group of young women. She was also president of the Women's Missionary Society.

She was a sincere Christian woman, and her influence will be felt, by those who knew her, for many years to come. She will be missed in the church and by a large circle of friends in other walks of life.

We submit to the will of the Heavenly Father, in calling her to rest, and pray that the work, she so loved, may be taken up by other hands, to its completion.

We extend our sympathy to her daughter, Mrs. Lucille Betz and her family and commend them to the comfort and care of Him who binds up the broken hearts.

Sincerely
Mrs. A. H. Welch
Mrs. Jennett W. Orr
Committee

Miss Mary White

The members of the Women's Missionary Society of the First United Presbyterian Church of Crafton, Pa., wish to pay loving tribute to the memory of Miss Mary White who was called home December 26, 1945 in her 81st year.

She was a faithful and loyal member of the church, Sabbath School, and a Life Member of the Missionary Society.

She served as its president and secretary of the several departments and was a constant visitor to the sick and shut-ins.

We shall miss her greatly, but the memory of her faithfulness will be an inspiration to all of us for higher and nobler living.

"Be thou faithful until death and I will give thee a crown of life."

The Committee

Mrs. Harriet Tyas

In loving memory of Mrs. Harriet Tyas, the Edith Martin Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Central Falls, R. I., wishes to pay the following tribute:

We shall miss her helpful presence at our meetings and the active part she took in all the work of our society. We shall miss her faithful attendance at all the church services and her interested participation in the Women's Bible Class. She will be missed by her children, for she was deeply interested in them. At the time of her death, she was the Junior Superintendent in her own church and also held the same office in Boston Presbyterial.

Her years of cheerful service were many, then suddenly on February 17, 1946 the call of the Master came and she went to be with her Lord.

It was a privilege to have walked along life's pathway with her.

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What He has given;
They live on earth in thought and
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As in His heaven."

Mrs. Robert Royley
Mrs. Alva Lee Yarnelle

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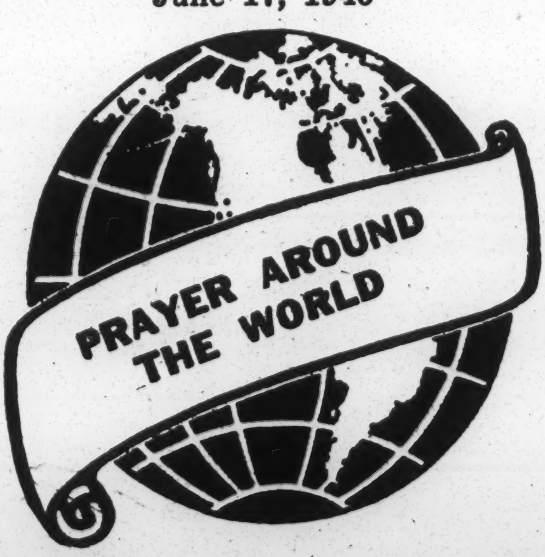

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Mrs. Jennett W. Orr
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As in His heaven."

Mrs. Robert Royley
Mrs. Alva Lee Yarnelle

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED BY THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY

PUNJAB, INDIA

Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1921—Sialkot City
Miss R. Jean Black, 1921—Pasrur
Miss Lois Boyd, 1918—Sangla Hill
Miss Addaline Brandon, 1931—Sargodha
Miss Frances E. Brown, 1927; 1937—Lyalpur
Miss Marie Cash, R.N., 1926—Pasrur
Miss Evelyn Cathcart, 1925—Rawalpindi
Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N., 1933—Taxila
Miss Margaret Fehlman, 1913—Sialkot City
Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922—Pathankot
Miss Evva P Hartig, R.N.A., 1924—Jhelum
Miss Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D., 1921—Taxila
Miss Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1920—Sargodha
Miss Laura R. MacLachlan, 1933—Badomali
Miss Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N., 1937—Sialkot City
Miss Margaret Murdoch, 1924—Sargodha
Miss Ruth M. Nichol, 1933—Pasrur
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924—Sangla Hill
Miss Louise Scott, 1916—Gujranwala
Miss Helen C. Sharp, M.D., 1932; 1944 Sialkot City
Miss Vivian Trimble, 1921—Sheikhupura
Miss Georga Wengert, 1920—Abbottabad

ON FURLOUGH

Miss Margaret Ballantyne, 1941—235 E. 49th St., N. Y., 17
Miss Minnie E. Beatty, 1912—806 E. Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.
Miss Theresa I. Brownlee, 1922—720 W. Jefferson, Dallas, Texas
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913—6549 Emerald Ave., Chicago, Ill
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1939—Hillsboro, N. D.
Miss Alice G. Hill, 1938—235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Miss Janette Howland, 1921—Walton, N. Y.
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904—235 E. Main St., Xenia, Ohio
Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., 1932—Winfield, Ia.
Miss Elizabeth F. McConnell, R.N., 1931—4 East 82nd St., NewYork, N. Y.
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930—235 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Miss Willa M. Ramsey, 1921—c/o Rev. F. G. Wright, R. D. 4, Irwin, Pa.
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1928—514 N. Broadway, Sterling, Kans.

EXTENDED FURLOUGH

Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908—263 Park St., Socorro, N. Mex.
Miss Jane Lamont, 1928—440 W. Cayuga St., Philadelphia 40, Pa.
Miss E. Marjorie McCrory, 1936—McCrory Farms, R. D. 1, Homer City, Pa.

EGYPT

Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909—Benha
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1908; 1918—Benha
Miss Anna R. Criswell, LL.D., 1905—Assiut
Miss Mary Frances Dawson, 1929; 1945—Cairo
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926—Fayoum
Miss Davida Finney, Litt.D., 1915—Cairo
Miss Elsie M. French, LL.D., 1909—Cairo
Miss Martha C. Glass, 1921—Luxor
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929—Tanta
Miss Alice Grimes, 1924—Cairo
Miss Nellie V. Hill, R.N., 1945—Assiut
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926—Cairo
Miss Helen J. Martin, Ped. D., 1915—Cairo
Miss Dora B. Mason, 1918—Assiut
Miss Jeannette McCrory, 1916—Minia
Miss Carol E. McMillan, 1906—Beni Suef
Miss Lucille B. Nichols, R.N.A., 1945—Tanta
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921—Luxor
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924—Cairo
Miss Frances Patton, 1922—Mansura
Miss Stella Robertson, 1922—Cairo
Mrs. Rachel T. Seiver, 1925—Mansura
Miss Jane C. Smith, R.N., 1922—Cairo
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911—Beni Suef
Miss Mary L. Thompson, LL.D., 1917—Assiut
Miss Helen M. Walker, 1930—Assiut
Miss Ethel Weed, 1919—Alexandria
Miss Louise N. Williamson, 1944—Cairo
Miss Ruth M. Williamson, 1924; 1944—Tanta
Miss Elizabeth M. Wilson, 1932—Fayoum
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919—Luxor
Miss Margaret A. Work, 1924—Cairo
Miss Laura Wright, 1921—Tanta

ON FURLOUGH

Miss Helen R. Brownlee, R.N., 1934—215 Ridge Ave., Washington, Pa.
Miss Lucia Dwight, 1919—Box 335, Fayette, Mo.
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921—26 W. Pomona St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Sarah B. Meloy, 1923—2219 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Elizabeth McKibben, R.N., 1924—c/o Mrs. John B. Lambie, 109 Laurel Ave., Ben Avon, Pittsburgh 2, Pa.
Miss Martha A. Roy, 1935—Apt. 22, 523 W. 121st St., New York 27, N. Y.
Miss Mary C. Thompson, 1939—Northside, Star Route, Oil City, Pa.
Miss Ida B. Whiteside, 1913—25 Prospect St., Greenwich, N. Y.

ON EXTENDED FURLOUGH

Miss Hazel E. Anderson, 1937—403 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.
Miss Alta G. French, 1925—Goldfield, Iowa
Miss Alfaretta M. Hammond, 1904—State Hospital, Warren, Pa.
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919—New Wilmington, Pa.
Miss Edna B. Sherriff, 1920—R. D., Norwalk, Iowa
Miss Marie Tait, 1925—R. D. 5, Mercer, Pa.

THE SUDAN

Miss Mary E. Coie, 1919—Khartum North
Miss Una Coie, 1918—Khartum North
Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N., 1940—Khartoum North
Miss Marian I. Farquhar, 1912—Nasir
Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912—Doleib Hill
Miss Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924—Nasir
Miss Marguerite McClellan, 1926—Khartoum North
Miss Aulora R. McIntyre, 1911; 1919—Wad Medani
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922—Khartoum
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930—Khartoum North
Miss Mary K. Smith, M.D., 1944—Nasir

ON FURLOUGH

Miss Frances Turk, R.N., 1921—c/o Mrs. H. R. Chalfant, 1404 Garfield Ave., Loveland, Colo.

ETHIOPIA

Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R.N., 1921—Sayo, via Gambeila, Sudan
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922—Addis Ababa
Mrs. A. W. Pollock, R.N., 1942—Gore

ON FURLOUGH

Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, 1923—Conoquenessing, Pa.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

PUNJAB, INDIA

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881—c/o Mrs. C. C. Baldwin, R. D. 4, Slippery Rock, Pa.
Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884—Box 428 Santa Ana, Calif.
Miss Laurella G. Dickson, 1897—Tarkio, Mo.
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893—Pattersonville, N. Y.
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896—Eldora, Iowa
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903—32 Bonvue St., Pittsburgh 14, Pa.
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891—325 W. 7th St., Rushville, Ind.
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902—223 North L St., Lake Worth, Fla.

EGYPT

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911—926 E. 1st St., Monmouth, Ill.
Miss Margaret A. Bell, 1901—Star Route, Atlantic, Iowa
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894—121 North 7th St., Sterling, Kans.
Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899—Assiut, Egypt
Miss E. Roxy Martin, 1901—Fair Meadows, Limekiln Park, R. D., Chalfont, Pa.
Miss Marion A. Paden, 1904—c/o Mrs. D. C. Wills, 12467 Cedar Rd., Cleveland, Ohio
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904—1109 McClure Ave., Munhall, Pa.
Miss Ruth A. Work, 1904—2235 Norwalk Ave, Los Angeles 41, Calif.

HOME MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED BY THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY

INDIAN MISSIONS

Rev. Fred C. Patterson ..... Tama, Iowa
Rev. E. W. Machamer ..... Warm Springs, Ore.
Rev. Ernest H. Carson ..... Simnasho, Ore.
Rev. George W. Smith .....
Cherokee Mission, Stillwell, R. R. No. 1, Okla.

CITY AND PRESBYTERIAL

Mrs. Mary Ciancio .....
9409 Frankstown Rd. (21), Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Miss Ruth E. Findley, 520 South St., Glendale, Calif.
Miss Beth Johnstone .....
3014 South 66th St., Tacoma, Wash.
Mrs. Catherine Lamb .....
67 Oregon Ave., Crafton, Pa.
Miss Dorothy E. Partington ..... Westland, Pa.
Mrs. R. G. Russell .....
80 Church St., Burgettstown, Pa.
Miss Mary June Zucchi .....
Rehoboth Village, Rehoboth, Mass.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

Mrs. J. C. Alter .....
2803 Hillegas Ave., Berkeley, Calif.
Miss Mae Beveridge .....
327 S. Sixth St., Monmouth, Ill.
Miss Margaret Beveridge .....
327 S. Sixth St., Monmouth, Ill.
Miss Sallie E. Dickey .....
82 Hawley St., Binghamton, N. Y.

MOUNTAIN MISSIONS

FRENCHBURG, KY., SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. Harry L. Cowden ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ruth Courter, Principal ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Helen Andrews ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. John Besco ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Wallace Guthrie ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Isabel Hay ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bessie Burrows ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ruth Flack ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Arthur Gathman ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Alice Girvin ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mr. Martin Hovermale ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Helen Larsen ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ethel Taylor ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ruth Warnock ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Winifred Moore, Secretary ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Grace Huntley, Clothes Room ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Pauline Gross, Matron ..... Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. John Besco, Dietitian-Cook ..... Frenchburg, Ky.

JANE COOK HOSPITAL

Miss Margaret Ayers, R.N.
Mrs. Rachel Boyd, Nurse
Miss Edna Sutton, Dietitian-Cook.

EZEL, KY., SCHOOL

Supt. and Mrs. William A. Heagen ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Sara M. Conrad, Principal ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Lucille Artman ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Wilda Barnes ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Ruth Bemis ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Mary Louise Bymers ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Olive R. Laing ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Gladys Millen ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Larue Millen ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Annabell Rae ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Lillabel Towle ..... Ezel, Ky.
Miss Lorena Warner ..... Ezel, Ky.
Mr. J. Revis Carr ..... Ezel, Ky.
Rev. and Mrs. Ralph E Ayers .....
Ezel and Frenchburg Churches

NEGRO MISSIONS

ANNEMANIE, ALA.

*Mr. Walter R. Sutton, Principal ..... Annemanie, Ala.
Mrs. Mary S. Bridges ..... Annemanie, Ala.
Mrs. Alberta Thomas ..... Annemanie, Ala.

CAMDEN, ALA.

Mr. A. C. Peoples, Principal ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. A. C. Peoples ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. P. H. Parker ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss E. M. Brooks ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss N. F. Smith ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss L. B. Hudson ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss L. M. Washington ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss L. Easterling ..... Camden, Ala.
Mr. E. W. Lindsey ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. A. E. Freeman ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. S. W. Rivers ..... Camden, Ala.
Miss M. B. Tmompson ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. M. L. Smith ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. B. D. Bridges ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. S. P. Scott ..... Camden, Ala.
Mrs. I. L. Skinner ..... Camden, Ala.
**Miss M. F. Standford ..... Camden, Ala.
**Mrs. J. L. Brooks ..... Camden, Ala.
**Mrs. M. J. Cade ..... Camden, Ala.
Rev. D. F. White, Minister .....
Canton Bend. Miller's Ferry, Camden, Ala.

CHASE CITY, VA.

Mrs. Lillie Mae Parham ..... Chase City, Va.
Mrs. Vernice Davenport ..... Chase City, Va.
Miss Ethel Jeffress ..... Chase City, Va.
Mrs. Christine Hardy ..... Chase City, Va.

HENDERSON, N.C.

Mrs. Eva. J. Adams, R.N., Supt. .....
Jubilee Hospital ..... Henderson, N.C.
Miss Gertrude Allen, R.N. (Four other graduate Nurses) (Twelve other workers) ..... Henderson, N.C.
Miss Josephine A. Warren .....
Henderson Institute ..... Henderson, N.C.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Mrs. Ethel Lawrence ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Mrs. Patsy L. Kennedy ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
Miss Mabel Weir ..... Knoxville, Tenn.

MILLER'S FERRY, ALA.

**Mr. N. D. Williams, Principal .....
Miller's Ferry, Ala.
*Mr. B. T. Ridgeway ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
*Mr. Ruben Yancey ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
*Mr. C. T. Patterson ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
*Miss Maude Mobley ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
*Mrs. Beatrice Gee ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
*Miss Pearlie Mae Easley ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. N. D. Williams ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. L. B. Ridgeway ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Edith Fearn ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Nellie Clark ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Johnnie Scott ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Algie Irvin ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Miss Viola Thompson ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mrs. Loretta Jones ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.
Mr. John Patterson ..... Miller's Ferry, Ala.

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Mrs. Wm. T. Peters ..... Prairie, Ala.
Mrs. D. C. McCall ..... Prairie, Ala.
Miss Elizabeth Cunningham ..... Prairie, Ala.
**Mrs. Bertha Kimbrough ..... Prairie, Ala.
**Mrs. L. C. Hope ..... Prairie, Ala.
Rev. C. C. Brown, Minister .....
Arlington and Prairie, Ala.

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* Partial support from the county.

** Total support from the county.

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(c/o American Mission should be added to each foreign address)

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Mrs. R. T. McLaughlin — New Concord, Ohio
Mrs. W. W. Nolin — New Concord, Ohio
Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Russell
12 N. Portland Ave., Ventnor, N. J.
Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Thompson
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626 E. University St., Wooster, Ohio
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535 S. 49th St., Philadelphia 43, Pa.
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11 Gaviata Way, San Francisco 16, Cal.

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Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Haspels
512 Dryden Road, Ithaca, N. Y.
Rev. and Mrs. C. Emerson McBane
87 Sherman St., Hartford, Conn.
Rev. and Mrs. James W. Pollock
55 Elizabeth St., Hartford, Conn.
Rev. and Mrs. H. T. Walker
315 Dryden Road, Ithaca, N. Y.
Mr. and Mrs. E. Alan Webb,
6 Dudley Gardens, Ealing, London W.13, England

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

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1125 E. Detroit Ave., Monmouth, Ill.
Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Moore
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Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Sowash — New Wilmington, Pa.

WGMS CONVENTION
Transportation Information

Special coach over Pennsylvania R.R.—Pittsburgh to Chicago—Lv 8:35 A.M. June 13.

Pullman over CB & Q—Chicago to Villisca, Iowa—Lv Chicago 6:00 P.M. June 13. Ar Villisca 5:01 A.M. June 14.

Coach (One way) Villisca to Tarkio—Lv Villisca 6:35 A.M. June 14. Ar Tarkio 9:05 A.M. June 14.

Ticket (Round Trip) $45.56 plus fare by car or bus Tarkio to Red Oak, Iowa.

(*Berth is extra*)—Chicago to Villisca—Lower Berth—$4.03. Upper Berth—$3.05.

Lv Tarkio June 18 A.M. by bus or car for Red Oak, Iowa.

Lv Red Oak—1:17 P.M.—June 18.—Ar Chicago—8:45 P.M. June 18.

Sleeper available on Penn'a R.R. for points east at 10 P.M. June 18.

Ar Pittsburgh—June 19—8.00 A.M.

Note:—The price of *returning coach* ticket would need to be raised to *Ist Class* if a berth be desired Chicago and east.

Note:—If you purchase a *round trip ticket* as outlined above, you should give your *destination* on the *main line* as *Red Oak, Iowa*—(advice of railway agent). Of course your *going ticket* has as its *final destination—Tarkio, Mo.*

Note:—The agent preparing schedules and seeking the proper travel equipment has asked that those planning to take this trip shall make it known as early as possible. Such travel was not possible last year and was limited the previous year. He needs to know how much *coach* space will be required; also, how many sleepers will be required west of Chicago. If we do *not* notify the proper party in time, the railroad will not be blameworthy if some one is *minus* a *seat* in the *coach* and a *berth* on the *Pullman!*

Note: An estimated number, based on the returns of presbyterials lying contiguous to Pittsburgh and to the east, and those presbyterials whose delegates would normally pass through Chicago, can be made, but you may not be in that list if you have not said so.

Transportation Secretary,
Ida B. Little, 1503 Dormont Ave., Pittsburgh, 16, Pa.
Tel—Lehigh 7035.

OF INTEREST TO DELEGATES TO THE W.G.M.S. CONVENTION

To all Delegates, Board Members, Life Directors, Visitors to W.G.M.S. at Tarkio, Mo., June 14-17, 1946:

Rates—

Lunch Friday, June 14, to and including Breakfast, June 18. Tuesday—

Meals —	9.00
Room —	4.00
	13.00

Delegates so far as possible will be housed in Dormitories on College Campus. Meals served in Banquet Hall in Main Building. Will visitors and Life Members please write to Mrs. J. D. Rankin, Tarkio, Mo., for assignment in the town. Please do not pay until you come to the convention—at assignment table in charge of Mrs. Alice Vallenga. It would be wise to bring a light coat or rain coat and umbrella, plus usual summer clothing. At least two receptions are planned.

—*Local Committee.*

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY
TARKIO, MISSOURI, JUNE 14-17, 1946

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President ..... Mrs. Robert N. Montgomery, New Concord, Ohio
First Vice President ..... Mrs. C. M. Laing, 1148 Ridge Ave., Zanesville, Ohio
Second Vice President ..... Mrs. M. Earle Collins, Tarkio, Missouri
Recording Secretary ..... Mrs. E. D. McKune, 211 Fifteenth Ave., South, Nampa, Idaho
Treasurer ..... Mrs. Samuel Baird, 907 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

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Mrs. Gelvin Stevenson — Co-Chairmen ..... Tarkio, Missouri

Mrs. Margery McGinnis Greer ..... Tarkio, Missouri
Mrs. S. J. Vellenga ..... Tarkio, Missouri
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782 N. 15th St., Clarinda, Iowa
Mrs. Herbert McCoy ..... Tarkio, Missouri
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Mrs. J. S. Miller ..... Tarkio, Missouri
Miss Nancy Smith ..... Tarkio, Missouri
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Mrs. George Stevenson ..... Tarkio, Missouri
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Mrs. H. A. Smith ..... Tarkio, Missouri
Mrs. J. D. Gibson ..... Tarkio, Missouri
Mrs. M. Earl Collins ..... Tarkio, Missouri

ANNUITY BONDS

The Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of North America issues Annuity Agreements (formerly termed Annuity Bonds) for one hundred dollars and upwards, bearing interest according to the age of the annuitant, payable semi-annually. The annuitant has the privilege of designating the department of the work of the above organization to which the principal shall go at death thus making possible both an assured income and a gift to the women's work of the Church. Address all inquiries to the testamentary Secretary.

I give and bequeath to the Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of North America the sum of.... .....dollars, to be used as the Board shall direct or for the benefit of the (Foreign Department), (Home Department), (Parsonage Department), (Ministerial Relief), (Negro Department), or (North American Indian Department).

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and devise to the Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of North America the following described real estate. (Here describe, giving reference to deed or will, if possible, under which title was acquired with full power to sell or rent the same, the rents and proceeds of sale to be used for the benefit of the missionary work of the above named corporation.)

16,000 SUBSCRIPTIONS

By JUNE 14, 1946

THE GOAL IS IN SIGHT

15,500 copies of THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE WERE MAILED OUT LAST MONTH

LET EVERY SOCIETY HAVE A PART IN REACHING THE GOAL

16,000 SUBSCRIPTIONS